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9

## FREAKS AND GLEEKS

Is Glee the new fame? Not since the 1980s has a show struck so many chords in the artistic community, just ask these Gleeks  
ILLUSTRATION BY BYRON EGGENSCHWILER

PUBLISHER • EDITOR Jeff Hershberger | jhersh@seemagazine.ca  
ART DIRECTOR Michael Nemesler | mnemes@seemagazine.ca  
SALES MANAGER Kerry Quessan | kquessan@seemagazine.ca

ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR Madeline Brien | mbrien@seemagazine.ca  
NEWS AND FEATURES EDITOR Marissa Tougas | mtougas@seemagazine.ca  
WEB EDITOR Andrew Paul | apaul@seemagazine.ca  
DESIGNER Craig Gurney | cgurney@seemagazine.ca  
EDITORIAL INTERN Jessica Giesse | jgiesse@seemagazine.ca

SALES CONSULTANT Chelsea Walker | chwalker@seemagazine.ca  
SALES CONSULTANT Andy Cookson | acookson@seemagazine.ca  
SALES CONSULTANT • LISTINGS Kara Varga | kvarga@seemagazine.ca  
SALES CONSULTANT • PROMOTIONS Megan Hall | mhall@seemagazine.ca

NATIONAL ADVERTISING: Sue Feltz, Magazine Network | sfeltz@magnetwork.com  
DISTRIBUTION: Steve Bennett | sbennett@mag.ca

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regulars: frontlines pg 18 | tougas pg 17 | wildlife pg 16 | cds pg 19 | listings pg 24 | dan savage pg 20



• FOLK FEST ANNOUNCES ITS 2010 LINEUP • Artists performing include Colleen Brown, The Levon Helm Band, Kate Reid, Naomi Shelton and The Gospel Queens, Mortal Coil, and many more. Details about Folk Fest online.

A GREAT WAY TO WASTE TIME  
ON THE BOSS' DIME.

## 4 feature "WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAIR?"

Why do we react so strongly when a woman cuts her hair?

## 5 dining IT WAS FEAST OR NEAR FAMINE IN A WEEK OF EATS

Our man about menus has a hit-and-miss week

13 screen A HEART OF GOLD AND A TRUNK FULL OF TRICKS  
Despite lack-luster heart of gold in 2006 Jonathan Demme gets Neil Young just right in trunk show

15 arts LIAR, LIAR PANTS ON FIRE  
A sense of humour goes a long way for actors playing gritty roles in the liars

17 music SWIMMING WITH CALCULATED CARIBOU  
Mathematician turned musician finds the right equation for textured electronica

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FEATURE / OPINION

## “What happened

**WHY DO WE REACT SO STRONGLY WHEN A WOMAN CUTS HER HAIR SHORT?**

BY ISHA THOMPSON

I saunter into my favourite take-out restaurant, and the two women behind the counter noticed something different about me. Rather than the standard welcome of “What can we get for you today?” no other words are spoken – their facial expressions said it all.

“What happened to her?”

“I wonder what drove her to do such a thing,” are the two consecutive sentences that are spelled out from curious eyes that are fixated on me and determined not to blink.

What is all the fuss about you ask?

Perhaps I made the bold decision to tattoo the entire surface area of my face. What else would warrant such shock and awe?

The only thing different about me is seven inches of hair. That’s right. I merely walked into my hair salon the day before and asked my stylist to cut off my dry, over-processed, un-stylable and split-end nest of hair, in order to sport a different look while waiting for healthier locks to grow in its place.

I soon realized that the no big deal, spur of the moment decision, was far from a flippant matter to others.

The next day, my new hairstyle—which, I refer to as: buzz-cut chic—made its debut at my place of employment.

Most of the staff turned their looks away when I caught their eyes penetrating my scalp, as if not to get caught mid-gaze.

One brave soul who works a few offices down from mine, couldn’t bottle in his opinion when we ran into each other in the lunchroom.

“Wow! That’s really short,” he said as he stood half a foot away from me as I heated up my pasta.

The extreme reaction of me cutting my hair didn’t hurt my feelings. I don’t pick my clothes or choose my makeup based on what other people think, so why should my hairstyle be any different?

However, I became fascinated how my extra short hair drew in so many looks from people on the street and a general uneasiness with those who I saw on a daily basis.

My two female roommates, whom I adore, walked in the house on doomsday and made comments about how “different” my hair was and how they were confident it would grow back



Isha Thompson got some rather extreme reactions when she cut her hair short – even shorter than she is in this photo. | PHOTO BY CRAIG JANZEN

quickly. Comments that sounded more like reassurance than an opinion.

I began to wonder why super short hair on a woman in her twenties attracted so much attention. Every day I walk through the streets and see men with all sorts of textures and lengths to their hair, but I bet all the cash in my wallet (about \$8.79) that they don’t create half the frenzy my head has.

In my humble opinion, people should just relax and realize that hair – or lack thereof – is not that serious, but maybe the gawking isn’t their fault. Perhaps their reactions are innate.

“It’s a highly visible marker of femininity,” says Dr. Michelle Meagher, professor of women’s studies at the University of Alberta about society’s expectation for women to wear their hair long.

“That association of masculinity with short hair and femininity with long hair goes back deeply in western Judeo-Christian cultures.”

Even though everything Meagher describes about long hair being linked to femininity makes perfect sense, I can’t help but think I am an exception.

I mean, I am the girl who prefers to wear dresses over jeans,

it is literally impossible for me to leave the house without lip-gloss. I love to wear bright colours and I drive a Nissan Versa. If the blatant sensibility behind that fuel-efficient car isn’t feminine, then I don’t want it.

Nonetheless, Meagher further explained that hair has played a role in defining women’s identities for decades.

In the 1920s, women lined up in droves to get their long mane cut off into a bobbed haircut in order to flaunt their newfound right to vote in the U.S., the 19th amendment, passed in 1920, which prohibited gender-based restrictions on voting.

“The bob was freeing them from old womanhood and representing a new kind of woman,” says Meagher.

African-American natural hair grown into Afros in the ‘60s and ‘70s was a way to represent pride in African culture and symbolize a stop to white oppression in every facet of their life.

That’s deep. And I feel slightly better that I have been reminded why some may interpret my new look as going against nature. But I can’t help but remind everyone that it is 2010. Let’s all just take a deep breath and let go of the pressure behind looking and acting a certain way. Just let your hair down and have fun. Or in my case, let my head show?

## NEWS BRIEFS • NOTES FROM THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

### HELPING • COMMUNITY

#### NEXTGENERATIONS ENCOURAGED TO GET INVOLVED THROUGH EFCL

Edmonton’s hip NextGen crowd is teaming up with the city’s old school community organization in an attempt to increase community involvement.

Called the Edmonton Community Challenge, the NextGen event promotes community spirit through a little friendly competition, using the existing boundaries of the Edmonton Federation of Community Leagues. The prize is \$15,000 – but in your community league, not the winning competitor.

“We’re using the existing great Edmonton community events and applying a point system to it,” says Tegen Martin-Drysdale.

the NextGen coordinator. The idea is to encourage community spirit and civic pride while having fun.

The \$15,000 prize comes from the presenting sponsor, Boardwalk Rental Properties. NextGen is kicking in with administrative support, and by sponsoring the free pancake breakfast for participants. The contest is simple, requiring only a “passport” and your time. From June 5-26, participants can attend four summer challenge activities – neighbourhood clean up, bike tune-up, a canned food sculpture challenge, and a scavenger hunt – and get their passport stamped.

Twenty-seven community leagues have joined the program. June 1 is the deadline for individual participants. You can join up

online by going to [www.ect.edmontonnextgen.ca](http://www.ect.edmontonnextgen.ca), or [www.edmontonnextgen.ca](http://www.edmontonnextgen.ca).

— Maurice Tougas

#### EVENT • FASHION SWAP THIS SWAP MEET REALLY IS OVER THE TOP

The organizers for The Over The Top Fashion Swap have devised a plan to switch your designer duds with sweet summer styles.

All you have to do is choose up to a dozen pieces of clothing that are still in good condition, and bring them down to the Winsper Centre on Saturday, May 29. The clothes will then be exchanged for tokens that can be used to purchase a wide variety of items. International designers such as Handmade Mafia, Bossy Mama, and other

fair trade artisans will be selling everything from jewelry, clothes, handmade toys, baby wear, and accessories.

Even though a dozen items can only be donated at a time, organizers Ally Ng and Cory Payne are encouraging Edmontonians to donate as many clothes as they can.

“While people are cleaning out their closets we would like them to keep in mind the people in need,” says Ng.

All extra donations will be given to the Canadian Diabetes Association and the Bisset Centre. Drop off stations will be set up at the entrance to the show.

Clothing stores will not be the only thing featured at the event.

Clothing dropped off at the “fashion swap” stations will be used to create the

“Crème De La Crème” fashion show that will be held later in the afternoon. There will also be a spa and beauty section where men and women can go for a complimentary massage, makeover, spa or beauty treatment. The cost is covered by admission.

A series of workshops will also be offered at the event on a wide variety of topics like hula hooping for health, toxic chemicals used in modern day cosmetics, warning your baby with style and more.

Admission is \$20 at the door, which will include the complimentary spa service, and access to the fashion swap, marketplace and spa. If clothing swap donations are not made then admission will be \$5 and entrance to the marketplace and spa will be available.

— Jessica Brisson

# It Was Feast Or Near Famine In A Week of Eats



DINING SCOTT LINGLEY

**OUR MAN ABOUT MENUS HAS A HIT-AND-MISS WEEK**

Some weeks you just blaze a trail of gustatory pit stops across the city, don't you? That's how it was for me last week, and my stomach has some weird and confused memories it would be happy to share.

## THAI BINH

On the weekend, my perennial co-diner continued to milk her recent birthday for meals with friends and family, so this testimonial is hers, presented with choice of brunch at any venue in town, she picked the oft-touted Thai Binh (10220-109th Ave.) for her favourite beef noodle soup in town and bot chien, a tasty dish of fried rice cakes scrambled with eggs and green onions, and served with a savoury sauce. Three of us filled up, and washed it all down with sweet Vietnamese iced coffee, for under \$40.

## KOUTOUKI

Another friend's birthday led to the southside instance of Koutouki (10310-45th Ave.) for heaps of Greek appetizers, rounds of ouzo and generalized merriment. The taverna atmosphere was conducive to chatty celebration and the servings of hummus and peppery kopanisti scooped with warm pita, dolmades with tzatziki, lemony roast potatoes,

saganaki, spanakopita, calamari, chicken souvlaki and the inevitable horiatiki, left the entire troop of friends and well-wishers sated and impervious to attack from vampires for the remainder of the night.

## TASTE OF MEDITERRANEAN

A day or two later I found myself downtown without lunch. It came to my notice that a new take-out place had arisen in the gap between Shaky Japanese and the A&W in City Centre Mall that promised to feed me a Taste of Mediterranean. I was willing to gamble \$5.50 that this plucky newcomer could resuscitate my hope in a decent veggie alternative to, well, everything else in the food court. To T of M's credit: the crunchy balls of mashed chickpeas and spices were delightfully fresh out of the deep fryer instead of plucked from a microwave, the pita that held it was studded with hummus and garlic sauce, and they even had hot sauce to add to the bedding of lettuce, onion, tomatoes and cukes inside the pita. But being a recently opened operation, T of M has not quite streamlined their foodservice processes. So if you'd like to test their varied menu board yourself, be prepared for a wait.

## TROPIKA

The next night, my co-diner wanted to work in the garden instead of the kitchen, so she ordered from long-standing purveyor of Malaysian delicacies Tropika from their Jasper Gates location (14521 Stony Plain Rd.). Sensitive to my burgeoning (if not fully realized) vegetarian tendencies, co-diner ordered us a primo quasi-veg feast featuring the flaky flatbread known as roti canai (\$4, but you'll want more than one order), some sayur kan (\$13) — in which carrots, cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, fried tofu and some stuff I've forgotten are simmered to tender-crisp perfection in a mild curry sauce — and an order of the wonderfully named sambal bunnies (\$14), a spicy platter of green beans and, to a lesser extent, prawns cooked in chilli paste and coconut milk. It was so good and made for such great leftovers that I may never order Chinese food again.

## WESTERN PIZZA

I'd achieved mixed results with Western Pizza (14456-118th Ave.), whose pizza menu is forebodingly embossed on its flipside with Chinese food. My first foray had been non-disappointing — the crust was

handmade and crunchy, the bacon on my bacon-and-pineapple pizza (to be lavished with banana peppers from my own fridge) was laid on in whole slices, the Western Special was appropriately loaded and delivery was super-quick. The subsequent time, the cheese had that weird dishrag aroma to it that suggested a time-temperature violation. Third time's the charm, the saying goes, but this time it wasn't. For \$32 we got two different nine-inch pizzas with two toppings each that only a battery of hot sauces could elevate to interesting, and a positively gloopy caesar salad we could barely start, much less finish.

## LA SHISH TAOUK

By the end of Sunday co-diner and

I were both filthy and sore from a day of gardening and had no idea what to do about supper. We were rescued by the fine folks at La Shish Taouk (10106-118th St.) who, despite the donair-shop appearance of their establishment, have a varied, authentic Lebanese menu available until ungodly hours almost every day. We shared the vegetarian platter (\$13) with hummus, a huge falafel in tahini, a salad of tomatoes and cucumbers, fried cauliflower, eggplant and zucchini, and some tasty Lebanese pickles, as well as a garlicky chicken shawarma pita (\$7) for my co-diner. I also had a weird rosewater beverage which, while a touch soapy, is preferable to the salty fermented dairy beverage, laban, that's also available. don't say I didn't warn you.



— Former Prime Minister Jean Chretien, upon the unveiling of his official portrait in Ottawa. Canwest News Service, May 26.

## WHY WON'T THEY OPEN THE BOOKS?

Politicians are not, by and large, stupid people. For the most part, people who enter into the political realm are accomplished in their previous life, and have chosen — for reasons good and otherwise — to enter into public life.

So the people aren't dummies... but they can make collectively dumb decisions. Witness the debacle that is the refusal of MPs in Ottawa to let the auditor general look over their expenses. These mostly intelligent men and women have taken a no-brainer and turned it into a humiliating crisis that has done the nearly impossible — made the public even more distrustful of politicians.

Here's the background: Auditor General Sheila Fraser is the publicly appointed watchdog of the public purse, and she is very good at her job. She snoops into all manner of government departments, and has no trouble detecting wasteful or sloppy practices. The auditor general is an important, vital job in our federal system, and Fraser has done her job well.

A couple of weeks back, Fraser asked if she could embark in an overall Commonsense performance review to determine if MPs are sticking to their own rules in how they spend the \$537 million used to run Parliament (Of that total, more than \$100 million is spent on MP office expenses.) Seems straightforward. You'd think that MPs would be delighted to let the auditor general pour over their expenses, certain in the knowledge that everything they do is an effective use of taxpayer money.

But no. The MPs told Fraser that they have their own system, called the Board of Internal Economy, that watches over MP spending. Not surprisingly in today's Ottawa, the Board of Internal Economy meets in private, and its results are not published.

Incredibly, only the Block Quebecois agreed to Fraser's request. The other parties — Stephen Harper's Conservatives, Michael Ignatieff's Liberals and even Jack Layton's holier-than-thou New Democrats told Fraser to take a hike.

Remarkable. The cold shoulder from the Conservatives was expected. Obsessive secrecy is the Harper government's trademark. But if you need further evidence that the Liberals under Ignatieff have lost their political smarts, look no further: As soon as the Tories said no to Fraser, the Liberals should have raced over to Fraser's office, accounts in hand, and begged for an audit. Instant political points. And as for the NDP, their actions are baffling and indefensible. The party of the people doesn't want the people to see how their money is spent.

Perhaps the MPs had some sort of legitimate reason for denying Fraser's perfectly reasonable request. But no matter how much they may think they're in the right, they are in the wrong in the court of public opinion. When members of Parliament publicly state that they don't want anyone looking into how much money they spend, the public has every right to become suspicious.

After enduring much abuse from the public and the media, it appears some sort of compromise will be reached, and the MPs will open their sacred books to public scrutiny. Ignatieff announced Wednesday that he's open to an audit, now that he knows what Fraser is looking for. The Tories say they have a plan for greater transparency. And the NDP now says they are open to allowing an audit.

When Fraser gets around to completing her audit, maybe then we'll see why MPs were so adamant about keeping her out.



POINT OF VIEW • RELIGION

## When Meeting Missionaries



MYTOWN SCOTTLUMBLEY  
BE NICE TO MORMONS — THEY  
COULD BE SOMEBODY'S TWIN  
SISTER

because:

a) they're sheltered young adult virgins, often transplanted from some far more agreeable clime elsewhere on the continent, deprived by their faith of even the basic consolation of self-pollution, conjoined Siamese twin-like to a total stranger and charged with going door-to-door attempting to convert people to their religion, which seems like a pretty low percentage way of doing things;

b) I have a real live twin sister who converted to Mormonism when we were teens, so I got those obnoxious cheap-shots about gem-encrusted spectacles, polygamy, the children of Ham and God's underpants out of my system a long time ago; and

c) of all the impromptu street interactions I have, it's the one least likely to result in me being stabbed.

And so I pulled out my earphones (which were pumping Krill's sprawling black metal masterpiece *Dimensional Bleedthrough* just then) and greeted my two wind-battered interlocutors, who were being leashed by the unleashed tendrils of their own hair.

My standard approach is to start asking questions right away, to see if I can head off their whole patter and never let them raise the subject of dropping by my home to introduce me

to their elaborate cosmology. I know God tests good Mormons by sending them to places like Edmonton — sort of a "coals to Newcastle" situation given how well-equipped Alberta already is with homegrown Mormons — so I always ask them where they're from. One "Sister" (male missionaries are called "Elders") admitted she was from Toronto — "Ontario," she added helpfully — and the other said somewhat evasively that she was from the States, from Utah, cutting her watery blues eyes away so she didn't have to confess, perhaps, that her town was named after a bodily function or something.

The other thing I do is tell missionaries right away that my sister is a Mormon. I hoped they'd get the sense from this that I can have any conversations I want to have about Mormonism by picking up the phone and chatting with the person with whom I shared a womb. I told them that she too went on a mission — a year in Thailand during which she never set foot in the sea — and the Torontonians are majorly impressed. "Wow, that's so rare, for a convert to go on a mission! Her testimony must be so powerful!"

"Oh yeah, it's really great..."

Those three ellipsis dots, which

LINGLEE cont'd on pg. 7

## BY THE NUMBERS • NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

CANADA'S TOP EXECUTIVES WERE CAUTIOUS WITH THEIR PAY RASIES THIS YEAR... BUT THEY STILL MANAGED TO GET BY. FIGURES INCLUDE SALARY, BONUSES, PENSIONS, STOCK OPTIONS, ETC. SOURCE: THE GLOBE AND MAIL

### Canada's Five Highest Paid Executives 2009



#### EXEC

Aaron Regent  
Hunter Harrison  
Gerald Schwartz  
Ed Clark  
Nadiri Mohamed

#### COMPANY

Barrick Gold Corp.  
Canadian National Railway  
Enx Corp.  
TD Bank  
Rogers Communication

#### PAY

\$24.2 million  
\$17.3 million  
\$16.7 million  
\$15.2 million  
\$13.7 million

POINT OF VIEW • GREAT MOMENTS IN TV

# Bless You, Jack Bauer, And So Long, Lost



OUTSIDE POLITICS MAURICE TOUGIAS  
I'M GOING TO MISS **LOST**, BUT  
NO MORE JACK BAUER IS  
REALLY GOING TO HURT

When I'm not pouring through copies of *Hansard* or spending hours reading newspapers, magazines and scholarly journals so I can make informed comment on important political matters of the day — and I do it for YOU, loyal reader(s) — I like to unwind by watching a little TV.

OK, maybe more than just a little television. By which I mean a lot.

*Special Victims Unit*, *Law & Order: Noise Bylaw*, *Complications Unit*, or *Law & Order: Parking Violations Unit*. Nor do I watch *CSI*, *CSI: New York*, *CSI: Miami*, *CSI: Los Angeles*, *CSI: Vermont* or *CSI: Dogslip Ball*. *Arkansas*. All of these shows could vanish from the airwaves today, and nobody would notice, except the tens of millions of people who waste their time watching this formulaic, wrap-it-up-in-60-minutes tripe.

Now, onto something much more (self) important: *Lost*.

I've been watching *Lost* since it debuted six seasons ago. I've seen every episode, totaling 121, which equates to FIVE DAYS of my life. And after 121 episodes, all I have to say is ... what about the polar bear?

I've been watching this show for all these years just to find out why there was a polar bear on the island, and the 2 1/2-hour finale didn't even

stay so buff without a gym?

If you're unfamiliar with *Lost*, you're probably baffled by everything I've just written. Hell, even I'm baffled by it, and I've seen re-creating every show. While the finale did not answer every question — they only had 2 1/2 hours, after all, which is barely enough time to answer the questions left over from season one — I found it oddly satisfying. It was, dare I say it, even quite touching (the musical score was the most haunting ever created for a TV show). Even if I was clueless about what was going on — as I have been for at least three seasons — I often got teary-eyed. Just don't ask me what the hell was going on. And until I get an answer about that polar bear, I'll never be satisfied.

In all honesty, I watched all six seasons and 121 episodes of *Lost* because I had invested so much time in the show that I didn't want to abandon

going through three episodes in a night. That's truly unhealthy.

At its best, *24* was terrific television. Wildly and increasingly improbable, sure, but crazily entertaining. It could be accused, quite fairly, of following a formula, quite apart from its so-called 'real time' gimmick. Every season, the Counter Terrorist Unit (CTU) came under attack. Every season, someone betrayed CTU. (CTU was surely the worst government security organization ever.) Every season, foreigners with heavy accents attacked the U.S. Every season, the president was in peril. Every season, tortured (literally and mentally) hero Jack (played with gravel voiced gravitas by Canadian Keifer

Sutherland) tortured and/or killed somebody in gruesome fashion. But always for a good reason, of course. American had to be defended ... AT ANY COST!

As much as I am fan of *24*, its hands down, the worst in the show's history. It was only salvaged in the last few episodes when Bauer became a revenge-fuelled killing machine, which was, honestly, hilarious. Sadly, the demise of *24* spells the end of my dream crossover gimmick: Jack Bauer goes on a rampage and mops up the floor with those insufferable nerds from *Cleaver*.

And kills a polar bear.  
Email: mauricetougias@live.com

**WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DHARMA INITIATIVE? AND WHAT WAS THAT GIANT PLUG IN THE WHIRLPOOL OF LIFE OR WHATEVER THAT THING WAS? HOW DID HURLEY ACTUALLY GAIN WEIGHT WHILE ON A DESERTED ISLAND? HOW DID JACK ACTUALLY ADAPT TATTOOS WHILE ON THE ISLAND? HOW DID A WEAKLING LIKE BENJAMIN LINUS SURVIVE WEEKLY BEATINGS?**

Lots and lots. Way too much. Probably above the statistical average. Hey, it's my only vice, if you don't consider heroin addiction to be a vice.

Now I've said too much. Stupid heroism.

Anyway, the point is that as a person who watches television and has a print forum which I can pontificate on anything I want as long as it meets my exacting standards (and by that I mean, it fills the allotted space) I feel compelled to comment on the three epochal moments in TV history that occurred this week — the final episodes of *Lost*, *24*, and *Law & Order*.

First, *Law & Order*, which has ended its remarkable 20-season run.

Amazing — 20 years on the air, and I've seen maybe five episodes. Neither do I watch *Law & Order*.

mention the bear. Oh sure, there was plenty of stuff about (spoiler alert coming, if you're plowing through the show on DVD and haven't seen the finale yet, skip down about three paragraphs) their alternate universe, and the fact that they're all dead and have been in some sort of waiting room for the dead (Florida?), but a great many questions remain unanswered. Like, what happened to the Dharma Initiative? Did that even exist? And what was with that giant plug in the Whirlpool of Life or whatever that thing was? How did Hurley actually gain weight while on a deserted island? How did Jack actually adapt tattoos while on the island? How did a 98-lb. weakling like Benjamin Linus manage to survive a savage beating every single week? How did Jin and Sawyer manage to

the whole thing. It was an investment in my time, and I was determined to see it through, even if it cost me even more time. Maybe this explains why my RRSP has \$14.27 in it.

24, on the other hand, was never that hard to follow. Hard to stomach sometimes, yes, but never hard to follow.

I didn't get on the 24 bandwagon until season three. TV watching is mostly a communal affair in our household, but the first year I watched 24, I watched it by myself. I remember telling my sons after every exciting episode that they just HAD to watch this show, so I must take the blame for their 24 addiction and unhealthy obsession with Jack Bauer. (In order to catch up on the first two seasons, my wife and I watched them on DVD, sometimes

## UNGLUE cont'd from pg. 6

were intended to bespeak strain my sister's adoption of a church family in preference to her natural-born family wrought in my household in the early years of her fervor, did not speak loudly enough.

"So how did she become involved in the church?" the Torontonian pressed.

"She dated a Mormon guy and he got her into it," I said. "The old dirt n' convert."

Utah looked pretty uncomfortable having the acknowledged youth recruitment strategy of the Mormon Church spelled out in such coarse terms, and Toronto was more poised,

rolling her eyes at the thought that the good-looking young progeny of Nephi might be doing a certain amount of advance work among their non-faithful, hormonally susceptible peers. Having endured my own brushes with Mormon-induced vasocongestion — the only cure for which is a core Temple marriage — I beg to differ.

Sensing that a lull in the conversation would invite proselytizing, I continued peppering them with questions about the length of their respective missions, their academic paths and eventual life-plans, to the point where they were starting to

look a little uncomfortable at being detained.

When they got around to the obligatory offer to discuss the Church of Latter Day Saints in more detail, it was so tentative that the wind carried the words off before I could hear them. I was going to ask them why Mormon Jesus won't let my nieces and nephews go swimming on Sunday but He allows their dad to watch televised sports, but they were already bidding me a pleasant day, turning their faces to the pitiless northern wind and seeking warmer, or at least less garrulous, souls to save

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## NEWS BRIEF

### EVENT - CRAFTS THE MULLET OF CRAFT SHOWS RETURNS TO EDMONTON

Two Vancouver designers "Make It" easy to love craft shows.

Jenna Herbut and her brother Chandler are presenting another instalment of their craft show called Make It, at the Alberta Aviation Museum on May 29-30.

This craft show gives underground fashion and art designers the chance to show off their wares to many different cities around Western Canada.

Jenna says this show is different from the typical craft show.

"We don't even like to call ourselves a craft show because the term 'craft' kind of pigeon holes us," she says. "This is a revolution of the handmade world."

This "revolution" started back in 2008 as a small project put together by the Herbut siblings. Two years later it has grown into one of the largest craft shows in western Canada. This will be the third time Make It has come to Edmonton.

In a nutshell the Herbut siblings advertise their craft show like a "mullet."

"Craft show in the front, party in the back."

The show at the Aviation Museum will be offering homemade products from over 110 designers. This kind of shopping experience gives Edmontonians the opportunity to purchase something that can't be found in franchised clothing and furniture stores. It's a trend that Jenna says is growing.

"I think people are getting sick of buying things that are made with a cookie cutter and sold in a box," she says.

Some of the products that will be sold at the show include handmade food, furniture, clothing, jewelry, and paintings. DJ Dan will also be providing the musical entertainment for the show.

Admission is \$5 and children under 12 get in free. The craft show will also be handing out free goodie bags to the first 25 shoppers.

— Jessica Bresson

## POINT OF VIEW - HEALTH

# The Perfect 10



**HOLISTIC HEALTH 10! ROBERTA SHEPHERS  
'SUPERFOODS' CAN EASILY BE  
INCORPORATED INTO YOUR  
DAILY DIET**

What is a "superfood"?

Superfood is a term used to describe a food with high phytonutrient (plant nutrient) content. The phytonutrients found in superfoods are said to impart marked health benefits due to high levels of antioxidants and other health-promoting compounds.

I've compiled a list that I call "The Perfect 10" — superfood classifications that cover a lot of bases and that I deem to be valuable components of a superior diet. Included in my list are ways to integrate these foods into your daily regime.

1. Dark Leafy Green and Cruciferous Vegetables: broccoli, kale, spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuces and Brussels sprouts. Regularly include raw vegetables such as these in one meal per day, preferably two, and snack on them freely. Dice raw, cruciferous vegetables and sprinkle them atop prepared meals prior to serving. Experiment with juicing. Booster Juice makes a purely vegetable-based juice called the green heron that is delicious.

2. Dark Berries: blueberries, raspberries, bilberries, blackberries, red currants, cranberries, Saskatoon, goji and acai berries. Eat these fruits seasonally, locally grown, if possible and

organic. Integrate a berry powder into your day, mixed with water or included in a home-made smoothie, to reap the benefits of less common berries such as goji and acai. Goji berries can be obtained dried, like raisins, and added to cereal, muesli or granola.

3. Citrus Fruits: grapefruit, oranges, tangerines, lemons and limes. Squeeze one whole lemon or lime into your drinking water once daily. Consume some of the skin of citrus fruits, so long as they are well washed and organic, to derive the benefits of pectin, a formidable source of soluble fibre. Grind lemon, lime or orange peels into your water or iced tea.

4. Garlic and Onions: Chop one clove of raw garlic per day into small pieces and swallow with water. Integrate raw onion into salads and sandwiches.

5. Healthy Fats and Oils: avocados, walnuts and flax seeds, as well as other nuts and seeds and their oils, excepting of peanuts, which have a high propensity for mould. Use one tablespoon of raw oils such as olive, Udo's brand, flax or sunflower on your salads as dressing. Pour raw oils on your cooked foods such as rice, pastas, stir-fries and veggies after you have removed it from the heat source. Use avocado as a spread or dip (guacamole). Snack on unsalted nuts and seeds or add them to your salads, yogurt, cereal or oatmeal.

6. Green Tea: substitute green tea for coffee and black teas

7. Sea Vegetables: dulse, chlorella, spirulina, Irish moss, kombu, nori, wakame and sea lettuce. Try eating sundried dulse as is, baking it in the oven to make chips or adding it to soups, sandwiches, salads and dough. Nori can be eaten fresh, sundried or dry roasted and crumbled into soups, grains, popcorn or salads. Kelp can be added to soups, beans or stew — it cooks quickly, so add it in the last 20 minutes. Kelp flakes can be used as a salt replacement.

8. Plain Unsweetened Yogurt: use in the place of mayonnaise for tuna, egg, potato and pasta salads. Eat tzatziki, a well-known Mediterranean dip for dipping vegetables and as a spread. Put a tablespoon of plain yogurt on your oatmeal.

9. Whole Grains: whole wheat, barley, spelt, buckwheat, brown and basmati rice, rye, quinoa, oats, millet, amaranth and kamut. Alternate healthy grains and experiment with them instead of frequently using whole grain pastas and rice. Try kamut, spelt and rye breads. Make cold salads with quinoa, buckwheat or millet.

10. Apples: an apple on its own is delicious. Add apple slices to your salads, cereals or oatmeal.

Contact Roberta at [holistichealth101@gmail.com](mailto:holistichealth101@gmail.com)

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“I WENT TO AN ALL-GIRLS PRIVATE SCHOOL, AND BECAUSE I HAD A LOW VOICE, I WAS ALWAYS CAST AS THE BOY.”



FEATURE • TELEVISION



Kayla Gorman (left) and Ellen Chorley (right) are hooked on Fox's hit. | PHOTO BY CRAIG JANZEN

# Freaks AND Gleeeks

IS GLEE THE NEW FAME? NOT SINCE THE 1960S HAS A SHOW STRUCK SO MANY CHORUS IN THE ARTISTIC COMMUNITY, JUST ASK THESE GLEEKS

BY MARLISS WEBER

I confess that I'm a Gleeek.

This does not mean I have the uncanny ability to shoot water through my teeth like a water fountain, as I'm told the term also refers to this skill. If you YouTube this and find it amusing, chances are you are not a true Gleeek.

I am a Gleeek because of my affection for a certain singing and dancing high school musical show, which actually might be more embarrassing, and socially damaging, than admitting a penchant for spewing backwashed liquid in public.

But fortunately, if there be security in numbers, I am not alone. Gleeeks have been banding together for the last year, in support of Rachel and Finn and Mr. Shue, rising up against the evil equivalents of the Cheerios in their own lives, and proclaiming the power of jazz choirs and music and theatre and big fat jazz hands. I am, of course, speaking of Fox's runaway hit show, *Glee*. And if you didn't know that by now, after reading this far, you cannot call yourself a Gleeek.

My Glee roots go back more than 15 years to my show choir days. Or, to be completely honest, my wannabe show choir days. My small town school didn't have a Glee Club. Or a choir. We did have a band, but even from a young age I had developed an odd allergy to brass instruments played badly by flabby-lipped boys which prevented my participation.

But my heart belonged to show choir. A school in the neighbouring town had a show choir, and without telling anyone, I'd drive the 20 minutes in my spare time to listen and watch them rehearse. I was the drama equivalent of their team's towel boy, an occupation I kept pretty silent, lest my already dismal social life take an even further beating.

But the show choir was a thing of beauty. Gorgeous singing, flashy costumes and more big fat jazz hands than I could count. I was hooked. And I longed for the day when I could sing uplifting songs and move in unison and wear sequins with no sense of irony. Which certainly impacted my decision to study the fine art of musical theatre in college, which I now teach, and why I still cry whenever I hear a choir sing a show tune.

Which is also why I'm in tears at the end of nearly every episode of *Glee* and I'm proud to call myself a Gleeek.

The show has become something of a TV phenomenon and it elicits strong opinions from those who both love it and hate it. Critics of the show voice their irritation at stock characters and ridiculous storylines, but more and more Gleeek converts join their comrades every day.

Even in Edmonton. Perhaps, especially in Edmonton, a city with such a fine history of musical theatre performance and education, Gleeeks are numerous and frothy.

But perhaps none so frothy as two super-Gleeeks, Kayla Gorman and Ellen Chorley, both of whom are local actresses and graduates of MacEwan University's musical theatre program.

"The show just makes me smile," Chorley says. "And the music is outstanding. I love the way they use the music to express what's going on in the characters' minds and lives. They turn to music the way we all do — when we're happy or sad, or in love. The music continues the plot, which is a criticism of a lot of musical theatre, but the music in *Glee* continues the story and the characters, which is a real strength, in my opinion."

"I like it because there isn't anything else like it on TV," Gorman says. "It's entirely unique. It's a very interesting way to tell a story. And the characters are so identifiable. It's like, 'I know that kid.'"

"Or 'I am that kid,'" Chorley says. "Like 'I'm Rachel. That's totally who I was in high school.'"

"Yeah," Gorman interjects. "I'm probably like Mercedes. At least, we have the same range."

Both fans appreciate the complexity of the portrayal of the high-school-aged characters. "They cover a lot of ground in that show, dealing with teen sex, pregnancy, popularity, racism, homophobia," Gorman says, "but it's never preachy. It doesn't feel forced or contrived to me. It's just good storytelling."

Chorley agrees. "They really run the gamut in the show but I like that there's so much positivity in the way the teens are portrayed. And I'd mention how great the music is!"

"You might have already said that," Gorman says.

The music certainly does seem to be the rallying cry fans have been searching for. "It's just so much fun," says another super fan, Katelyn Arthurs. "There's so much joy in that show, which is something that is missing from a lot of other television. After I watch *Glee*, I just want to sing and dance."

Clearly, the show strikes a chord (no pun intended) with its target audience, myself included. Which is why I jumped at the chance to interview one of *Glee*'s stars, Jessalyn Gilsig, who plays Will Schuester's erstwhile wife, Terri, agrees that the music is the big draw. "The music speaks to the performer inside all of us," she says, on the phone from her home in Los Angeles. "Glee" is the perfect word to describe the show, as it really focuses on the pure delight of music and making us all feel good. Which makes me feel good to be a part of it."

Gilsig's own performance bug bit early, as she worked steadily as an actress since childhood in her native Montreal. She took a break from performing to attend McGill University, and then headed south of the border to study theatre in repertory at Harvard. Theatre gigs branched into film and television appearances, including, notably, *Nip/Tuck*, *NYPD Blue*, *Prison Break*, *Boston Public Heroes*, *Friday Night Lights* and *Glee*.

And while her *Glee* character is one everyone loves to hate, Gilsig assures us Terri will be redeemed in the coming seasons. "I see her as one of those women who peaked in high school, and she's just trying to hold on to everything that's important to her. Yeah, so the fake pregnancy was a little much, but she had the best intentions behind it. That's what I find charming about Terri."

And Gilsig is also charmed by her fellow performers in the show. "Those kids are so darn talented. And they are singing all the time. The set is so much fun to work on because there's always music somewhere."

Which isn't surprising for a show that has between four and six musical numbers per episode and that shoots a new episode every nine days. "The amount of music really is astounding. The producers keep the kids very, very busy," Gilsig says.

And when Gilsig isn't busy herself on the set, she's busy with her own latest production, her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter. "Right now, I'm trying to explain what Mommy does for a living, because I want her to understand all along what it means when I go to work. I want her to have a very healthy attitude about work, and I want her to understand my job. I do bring her to set sometimes, and I asked her a few days ago what she thought it was that I did. Her answer? 'Hair and makeup.' I thought that was really funny."

I ask Gilsig if she, as a performer, has a hidden show choir past of her own? Does she come by Gleeek status honestly?

Gilsig laughs. "I wasn't in a show choir, but I did do all the school musicals when I was a kid," she says. "I went to an all-girls private school, and because I had a low voice, I was always cast as the boy. I played Gilbert Blythe in *Anne of Green Gables*. I was always in suspenders. And the big debate was whether or not we should kiss. Some years we did and some years we didn't. But I do still remember the thrill of those musical numbers, and how good it felt to be working together and creating something magical. That's where my true love of performance was born."

Which is what the show captures so well. In the words of super-Gleeek Katelyn Arthurs, "It just makes me feel good. It reminds me why I love performing."



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METRO - SPEAKER SERIES

## What's Up Doc?



John Greyson's latest film *Fig Trees* steps away from the status quo to look at AIDS activism on a global scale. (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

**GUEST SPEAKER'S FILM TAKES  
INSPIRATION FROM UNLIKELY  
PLACE AS IT CHANGES THE WAY  
WE SEE AIDS ACTIVISM**

AN EVENING WITH JOHN GREYSON

Part of HIV Edmonton's Distinguished Speaker Series.  
Metro Cinema (Zedler Hall, The Citadel).  
Tuesday, June 7, 7 p.m.

FIG TREES

Directed by John Greyson

★★★★☆

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON

For John Greyson, movies and activism have always gone hand in hand. The B.C.-born, Ontario-raised professor and filmmaker has been using his art to address gay issues and push the formal boundaries of cinema for more than 20 years now, to great

cinema, discussing the ways in which his films have addressed the changing face of the now-global AIDS epidemic, as well as how he strives to connect with a larger activist movement. A screening of *Fig Trees* will follow.

The film is an alternately impetuous and enchanting look at two key figures in the AIDS activist movement. Toronto's Tim McCaskell and South Africa's Zackie Achmat. In 1999, Achmat, who is HIV-positive, began a public protest, vowing not to take his sorely needed antiretroviral drugs until they were made available to everyone in South Africa. Meanwhile, back in Canada, McCaskell has been fighting the federal government for more than two decades to get better universal access to AIDS medication.

**NOW THAT THE WORLD KNOWS WHAT AIDS IS,  
ACTIVISTS NEED TO REGROUP AND DECIDE HOW TO BEST  
RE-FOCUS THEIR ENERGIES GOING FORWARD.**

renown and more than a little notoriety. His latest feature film, 2009's *Fig Trees*, is a peculiar combination of opera and documentary that looks at AIDS activism in Canada and South Africa — and while the work is in many ways consistent with the rest of his oeuvre, Greyson says it also draws inspiration from a rather unlikely source.

"I was re-watching the legendary Bugs Bunny send-up of Wagner this morning, 'What's Opera Doc?'" he says over the phone from Toronto. "I think there was some early imprinting in terms of opera parody and satire from this Bugs Bunny moment."

Greyson will be in town this Tuesday as part of HIV Edmonton's Distinguished Speaker Series. He'll be giving a keynote address at Metro

Mixed up in this relatively straightforward material are all kinds of esthetic flourishes, from the long operatic scenes (scored by Greyson's collaborator, David Wall) to a parallel storyline involving Gertrude Stein and Irving Thompson, who wrote their own subversive opera in the 1920s, to narration provided by a talking albino squirrel. There are also a number of interviews with other figures in the AIDS movement, including former United Nations special envoy for HIV/AIDS in Africa Stephen Lewis.

Mostly, though, Greyson sees *Fig Trees* as a film about transition. Now that the world knows what AIDS is, activists need to regroup and decide how to best re-focus their energies going forward.

"*Fig Trees* is very much a later response, saying, 'If pharmaceuticals are multinational organizations, then our response has to be multinational, too.' Global," he says. "The idea [with the film] was to try and make people work, make people think critically about what pictures are and what words are. How we represent AIDS — and provide some alternative ways to represent it."

Indeed, the film can also be seen as a critique of the state of the documentary as a genre. Like AIDS activism, documentaries have quickly crystallized into a very recognizable, mainstream form. Greyson characterizes the current documentary status quo, with its insistence on linearity, melodrama, and personal suffering, as "both opportunistic and cynical."

As for how he envisions the next step of the AIDS movement, Greyson thinks that in many ways, the second wave is the same as the first.

"It's going to be interesting," he says. "The things that are laid out in *Fig Trees* continue: the struggle around ending leadership to the Dollar Bills [Clinton and Gates], as we call them, the private sector. Charity dollars is not the way to go when it comes to fighting a global health epidemic."

"We need to strengthen public health care across the board, in the global context, AIDS being one part of a larger fight."

And what about here in Canada? "We have to be rigorous, and refuse complacency. We're very privileged. We still have work to do."



METRO · REVIEW

# Mommie Dearest

**SOUTH KOREAN FILM  
TRANSCENDS ITS ROUTINE  
STORY WITH BRILLIANT  
ACTING AND DIRECTING**

## MOTHER

Directed by Bong Joon-Ho.  
Starring Kim Hye-Ja, Won Bin, and his Kim  
Myeong Cinema (Zedville Hall, The Citadel)  
Fri-Mon, May 18-21  
★★★★

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON

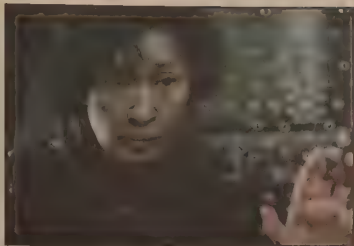
Here's an example of a completely ordinary story that, thanks to its craftsmanship, lavish attention to detail, and first-rate performances, gets elevated to near-greatness. Bong Joon-Ho's sleek murder mystery *Mother* is a reminder to every genre filmmaker that style and substance ought to remain their absolute top priorities. No matter how set you are on following the same tried-and-true narrative trails, at least have the good sense to set off a few dozen firecrackers along the way.

The remarkable Kim Hye-Ja stars as a simple market worker and under-the-table acupuncturist in small-town South Korea. She wears a look of mild panic at the best of times, thanks to persistent money troubles as well as the antics her mentally challenged adult son (Won Bin) keeps getting dragged into by his best friend (Jin Ki). Hye-Ja is a fiercely protective mother, in the opening scene we see her so preoccupied with what Bin is doing across the street that she accidentally cuts deep into the meat of her finger while chopping vegetables at work.

For his part, Bin is easily distracted and has a poor memory. He gets talked into doing things — and talked into remembering doing other things. So when he gets blackout drunk one night and follows a schoolgirl into a dark alleyway, leaving a police detective has a rather easy time convincing Bin that he in fact murdered her, once her body is found splayed on a highly visible balcony the next morning.

Hye-Ja then finds out that her son has already signed the confession, and from here her maternal instinct goes even further into the red. She vows to find out the truth, no matter what the cost.

*Mother* is a film that makes even the savviest of audience members feel like complete saps. There are red herrings all over the place, and Joon-Ho does an expert job selling each and every one of them, convincing you that this is the hinge upon which the rest of the film will turn, only to then discard it with hardly a second thought. He's particularly good at boiling down each narrative thread into one potent object, a golf club, one of Hye-Ja's acupuncture needles, a custom "pervert phone" that takes



Maternal instincts run strong in Bong Joon-Ho's murder mystery *Mother*. (PHOTO: J. APPEL)

pictures silently

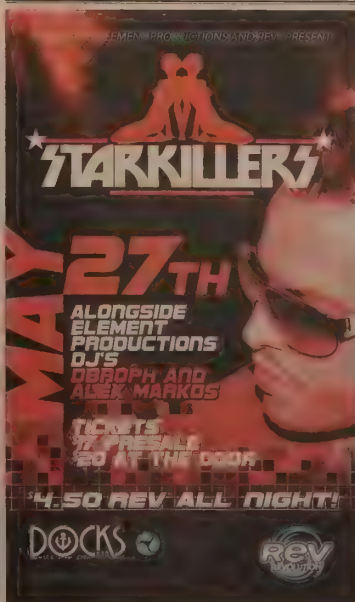
Tonally, too, the film does at least triple duty, and even the camerawork oscillates between regal wide-angle shots and kinetic close-ups. But the only reason all works is because of Hye-Ja's complex and shimmering performance at the core.

All of the disparate elements orbiting this film are all contained in miniature in the character of the mother. And if she's able to contain so many contradictions — there are hints that her undying love for her son is motivated by an earlier failed attempt to poison him, and even in-

cest — then surely the world of the film can, too. In its own backwards way, this is what is known as realism.

As rewarding as *Mother* is on first encounter, it seems like a film designed for multiple viewings. Joon-Ho lets his mystery unravel with such confidence and bro that I can only imagine the Easter eggs he's folded into the edges of the frame along the way.

After all, sometimes the identity of the killer is ultimately far less interesting than the peripheral dirt you dig up along the way.



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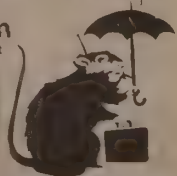


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FILM • REVIEW

# Wide Eyes, Graceful Touch

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THE TRUTH**

MAO'S LAST DANCER

Directed by Bruce Stevenson, starring Chi Cao

Opens Friday, May 29

Check listings

★★★★☆

BY ROBIN SCHROFFEL

Ask any young dancer in the West and they'll often tell you their vocation is a calling. But for Li Cunxin, sixth son of a Chinese peasant family, it was officials from Mao Zedong's Communist regime that called him from his one-room school in rural Qingdao, Shandong Province.

Mao's Last Dancer is Cunxin's story based on his bestselling autobiography. It's an incredibly touching tale of a difficult youth spent in Madame Mao's Beijing ballet academy, his eventual rise to the top, his exposure to Western life and eventual defection to the United States where his personal hardships endured.

The idea of freedom of artistic expression is explored deeply Young Cunxin, a bit of a sensualist, has difficulty relating to the still new Maoist ballet style China developed to tell the story of the revolution. His turning point comes with a secret videotape of Baryshnikov, covertly passed to Cunxin's possession by his mentor Teacher Yang, to witness ballet's capacity for emotional expression pushes him down the path of becoming one of the world's greatest dancers.

Cunxin's door to America opened when artistic director of the Houston



Chi Cao stars as renowned ballet dancer Li Cunxin in *Mao's Last Dancer* | PHOTO SUPPLIED

Ballet Ben Stevenson (Bruce Greenwood) singled him out while visiting China. And the young dancer's heavy culture shock once in America becomes a key focus of the film. At times, Cunxin's wide eyes over this alien land of plenty seem corny and unrealistic, but who's to say his disgust at the seemingly proprietor of the Chinese-American restaurant, his outrage at Stevenson's \$500K spending spree and his innocent confusion over an encounter with racism aren't genuine reflections of a stranger's reactions to a very foreign land.

Cunxin defects to the United States and his last stand at the Chinese Embassy marks the film's dramatic, albeit anticlimactic, peak.

It's not the screenplay's minimal action that draws in viewers but the

universal, deeply human emotions the dancer deals with. Love, loneliness, exile and family are very much on Cunxin's mind, boldly worn on his sleeve and thrown into his art.

He's expertly played by Chi Cao, principal dancer of the Royal Birmingham Ballet. From the bizarre Maoist piece to the fantastically dreamy Swan Lake snippets, the powerful, exciting dance scenes seem built to impress even the most culturally uninitiated moviegoers.

While on the surface it may be the story of one man's life, the film's implications and messages are of the far-reaching, inspirational, heart-warming success-story variety. Right down to its syrupy-sweet ending, *Mao's Last Dancer* manages to perform a coup on the heart.

FILM • REVIEW

# Babies, Babies Everywhere

**BABIES AROUND THE WORLD  
ARE DIFFERENT. BUT HAVE  
ONE THING IN COMMON  
— THEY'RE SO DAMN CUTE**

BABIES

Directed by Thomas Balme, starring Hattie: Bayar, Mari and Ponjiao

Opens Friday, May 28

Check listings

★★★★☆

BY TRENT WILKIE

Director Thomas Balme seemed to have an easy task. Get some babies, put them in front of the camera, put it in theatres and collect the riches. If the Internet has taught me anything, it's that you can't lose if the focus is babies.

But, I guess Balme considers himself a bit of an artist because in *Babies*, he not only introduces us to some pretty cool kids, but some insight into infancy in different parts

of the world. From Tokyo to Mongolia to San Francisco and Namibia, Balme follows four contrasting infants during the first year of their lives and weaves a story within it all.

From San Francisco, Hattie is a bit of a dreamer and her middle-class upbringing shows a world full of possibilities and earthly spirituality. Her focus is that of a grounded being, constantly studying what is going on around her.

Bayar, a lively Mongolian boy, is full of life and excitement. It seems that within days of his birth, his mother is out of the care facility and on the back of a motorcycle en route to their goat farm but. This exemplifies the, "life waits for no one" existence of Bayar and his family. From goats to roosters to his bossy older brother, Bayar is constantly at the mercy of life.

Mari is our little Tokyo princess. As you would expect it, her world is that

of a hyper-sensory flow. A seemingly endless array of in your face toys, nannies, buildings, teachers and so on. Mari is times a bit worn out by it all. I'm not a baby psychiatrist, but my order-by-mail infant psychology degree from Garstans Community College tells me she may have a few identity issues when she gets older.

My favourite of the four-headed baby monster is Namibian-born Ponjiao. No diapers, no sterile environments, no artifice, Ponjiao is a child of the natural world to which she was born. A loving mother is never far away, but in contrast to Mari, Ponjiao has nothing and everything. In the end, Ponjiao wins the happiest baby contest.

Within this collection of contrasts and growth, *Babies* shows us there are many right ways to bring up a child. It is, as helpfully it ever shall be, still pretty awesome to be a baby. No matter where you are from.



METRO · REVIEW

# A Heart Of Gold And A Trunk Full Of Tricks

**DESPITE LACH-LUSTER HEART OF GOLD IN 2006 JONATHAN DEMME GETS NEIL YOUNG JUST RIGHT IN TRUNK SHOW**

**NEIL YOUNG TRUNK SHOW**  
Directed by Jonathan Demme  
Metro Cinema (Zedden Hall, The Citadel)  
Fri Mon, May 18-21  
★★★★★

**BY MICHAEL HINGSTON**

Halfway through my Neil Young concert-film-directed-by-Jonathan Demme double feature — 2006's *Heart of Gold* and the new *Neil Young Trunk Show* — the other day, I was ready to make an awkward admission: I just don't get this guy.

Am I alone in feeling like this? It sometimes feels like it. For some reason, Young's music has never grabbed me by the lapels the way that Dylan or Borne's did, and he's Canadian to boot. I've been waiting for someone to make the argument for the man's genius to me for years.

It doesn't help that in *Heart of Gold*, Young looks uptight and out of gas. The newer songs sound unimpressively mechanical, and even the old classics don't quite click. Demme's camera keeps a stately, almost austere distance the whole time. That Young was recovering from a brain aneurysm is undoubtedly a factor, but the resultant film is, frankly, exhausting — like an elegy for someone you can't even dead yet.

But then along comes the raucous whirlwind that is *Trunk Show*, and

within 80 scant minutes I've been converted to a true, drunk-the-Kool-Aid Neil Young believer.

So what changed? For starters, Demme shot this second film with very little preparation and that newfound spontaneous energy is palpable in every frame: the bland regularity of *Heart of Gold* is replaced by a grainy, seat-of-the-pants digital approach that makes it look like you're really witnessing a spectacle that could vanish if you aren't paying close enough attention.

More importantly, though, is that Young is having, roughly, a billion times more fun onstage. In *Trunk Show* his shirt is untucked. He's brought his electric guitar this time, and there's no cowboy hat to disguise the bald spot anchoring his long grey locks as they twirl about like helicopter blades. His stage show is also now swollen with ridiculous props: a bright-red telephone that never rings, a man standing to the side, painting an alphabet of half-burnt-out marquee letters; and a dinky, pirate flag on the drum kit that's kept flapping by a giant fan installed exclusively for this purpose.

And for a batch of sexagenarians, Young and his band sure can rip up the joint when they feel like it. It's largely comprised of the same musicians from *Heart of Gold*, but everyone is looser, more free-wheeling, and ready to cut loose at a moment's notice. They tear through old favourite "Like a Hurricane" as well as two barreling tracks from 2007's

*Chrome Dreams II*, "Spirit Road" and "No Hidden Path," the latter of which consumes 30+ minutes and is excellent. Young also does a fine job on the more subdued songs where it's just him and a guitar (or, in one case, a six-string ianjo). One of those quarter tracks is "Ambulance Blues,"

which contains the lines, "There ain't nothin' like a friend / Who can tell you you're just pissin' in the wind."

Well, Neil — can I call you Neil? I feel like we're pals now—I'll give it to you straight—in *Heart of Gold*, you and your boy Jonathan were pissin' in the wind.

But on this one? Oh no. On this one, you guys are — well, whatever the opposite of pissin' in the wind is.

Not pissin' in the wind.  
Pissin' out of the wind.  
Anti-pissin' in the wind.  
Keep up the good work.

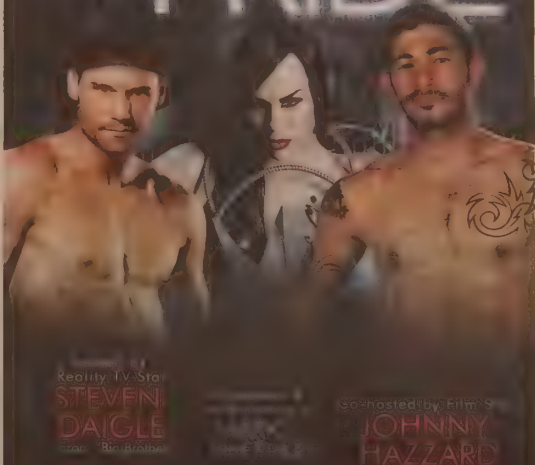


Neil Young unpacks a wallop in the Neil Young Trunk Show. | PHOTO SUPPLIED

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THEATRE

# Liar, Liar Pants on Fire

**A SENSE OF HUMOUR GOES A LONG WAY FOR ACTORS PLAYING GUTTY ROLES IN THE LIARS**

## THE LIARS

Directed by John Hudson  
Written by Jocelyn Ahlf. Starring Lara Broveld, Sheldon Ellis, Amber Bonnet and Andrew MacDonald-Smith  
Varscona Theatre (1029-83 Ave.)  
May 27 - June 12  
Tickets available through TIX on the Square (420-1757) or by calling Shadow Theatre (434-5564).

## BY TRENT WILKIE

"It's such a funny life being an actor or an artist, it's like a double life," says *The Liars* actor Lara Broveld. "Who a you are pretending to be and who you are sometimes you need to figure out those things in order to have honest relationships with people. This play reminds me of that, who we portray ourselves to get through things in life or on stage or any social setting. There is no right way... there is only instinct to get the truth out."

You would think that with such



Shadow Theatre's *The Liars* looks ill lies and the lying liars who tell them. PHOTO SUPPLIED

introspective remarks from a cast member that *The Liars* might be some dramatic existential epic about the psychological intricacies of individuality. But that's not the case.

"It's definitely a comedy," Broveld explains.

The story revolves around two couples at a dinner party that, on the outside, seem to be friends. But in

reality, these four people hold deep brooding animosities that bubble up to the point where they can't be hidden any more.

"The stakes of the characters are so high but for one reason or another they need each other," says Broveld. "They are human beings that just want to connect so badly but they have trouble communicat-

ing. They need each other and when people have an incredible need they will do the darndest things to keep that. They revert to these roles or characterizations or semblances that are reminiscent of an earlier time in their lives. But that is not where they truthfully live anymore. These

actor's process." Broveld says. "During the rehearsal stages she was really clear on what she wanted with the play and what it was about and also she knew where she wanted changes. The cast just made a tonne of different offers so, Jocelyn could hear the lines many different ways so

four characters are lying to each other and themselves in some way. The truth comes out when it does a comes out in a big blast like a geyser. Eventually they are all left unraveled and exposed."

According to Broveld the hilarity and insight that *The Liars* encapsulates can be attributed to playwright Jocelyn Ahlf's experience as an actor. Her ability to see the play from the perspective of the artist on stage adds a different dimension to not only the final script, but also the fine-tuning of the work itself.

"Jocelyn certainly appreciates the

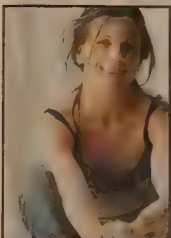
she could make it what she wanted to. She wasn't desperate though, she knew what she wanted as a final result."

"Jocelyn has an incredible sense of humour," continues Broveld. "I had had a lot of dramatic roles that were so gritty that sometimes a sense of humour is really needed. In *The Liars*, it colours the scenes and how characters cope with what they are dealing with. And as Jocelyn shows, a sense of humour goes a long way when you are trying to manage with certain things."

As far as defense mechanisms go, *The Liars* seems to be chock full of

## THEATRE - REVIEW

# Part French, Part English All Canadian



Tracy Powers stars in her bilingual romp *Garage Alec*. PHOTO SUPPLIED  
**TWO SOLITUDES COME TOGETHER ON STAGE AND SOMEHOW MANAGE TO AVOID CANADIAN CLICHES**

## GARAGE ALEC

Directed by Ron Jenkins  
Written by Tracey Power  
Starring Tracey Power and Brian Dooley  
Trinity Centre - Studio Theatre (University of Alberta)  
To May 27  
Tickets: 420-1757/tixonthesquare.ca  
★★★★☆

## BY TRENT WILKIE

Having lived in Ontario for nearly more than 10 years, I have seen the French/English animosity first hand. I have always been proud of Canada's French heritage and found this bor-

der posturing a bit tedious at times. So, when given the chance to see *Garage Alec*, I was expecting a lot of stereotyped "new world" hostility to be revisited. I was pleasantly surprised to see very little, if any, in this wonderful little story of two people trying to understand each other and at the same time themselves.

*Garage Alec* starts off with the crazy pace of Michelle (played by actor/writer Tracey Power) dancing along to a song in her car. In the scene, she is driving in a snowstorm and heading to Campbelltown N.B. to surprise her travelling salesman boyfriend. Being from Calgary and having driven for five days, Power is understandably frustrated when her car breaks down in rural Quebec. Having only a small garage to find solace in, we are introduced to Alec (Brian Dooley) in a stark contrast to the frenzied temperament of Power. At first, I found Powers' portrayal a bit over the top energy wise, but as the play went on, she calmed down and *Garage Alec* found its wonderful cadence.

That cadence is a series of conversations and happenings that take place in both English and French (with a little bit of Franglais thrown in for comedic affect). At times goofy and fun, the two characters never lose their sense of personality and realism. I would like to mention that my French is comparable to an

armless high five champion (non-existent), but when Dooley spoke, I did not need any translation. I knew when he was joking around, when he was angry and when he was philosophizing about love. A testament to both the acting and writing, Dooley made me feel bilingual even though my French ain't so good.

Director Ron Jenkins (as well as all

those involved in the stage design) is to be commended. The set is thorough enough to add dimension to what could easily be just two people talking in a room. From the use of darkness and light to sound design, the show doesn't feel like it's just a duo, it feels like we are just happening to watch a smaller part of a big ger world. Without going over the top

and hanging Quebecois memorabilia everywhere, Jenkins lets the actors tell the tale as he weilds subtly with an expert hand.

In the end, the chemistry of Power and Dooley takes you through a wonderful story that is Canadian first and French/English second. It would be interesting to see what the reception would be like in Ontario or Quebec.

**SHADOW THEATRE**

**THE LIARS**

BY JOCELYN AHLF

May 26 - June 13, 2010

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## BOOK REVIEW

## A Lot Of Baggage

**LIPSYTE'S CAUSTIC CHARM  
BRINGS BOTH LAUGHTER AND  
TEARS IN HIS LATEST BOOK**

## THE ASK

By Sam Lipsyte: Farrar, Straus & Giroux  
304 pp. \$29.95 Hardcover

★★★★☆

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON

Milo Burke was hard-wired to be a grump. Ever since his early teens, the acerbic family man and office punching bag — and hero of the third novel from New York's Sam Lipsyte — says, "I knew what churned inside me. It was foul, viscous stuff. It wasn't meant to be understood, but maybe collected in barrels and drained in a dead corner of our lawn."

Adolescence is indeed a time of discovery, but most pubescent boys are busy masturbating and investigating new hair — not glumly declaring themselves "sates of teen toxicity."

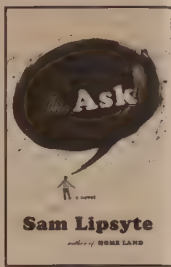
Suffice it to say, Milo is unusually self-aware in this respect, and he carries this belief with him well into his thirties. *The Ask* is a book about how each of us manages our own baggage: what do you do when the usual sites of meaning — marriage, children, artistic and professional success — have either slipped through your fingers, or else left you feeling as aloof and unfulfilled as ever?

And, in a particularly Generation-X twist on that theme, what happens when aloofness itself isn't as appealing as it was 15 years ago? What happens when it finally curdles into full-blown bitterness?

We open with Milo getting canned from his job in the fundraising department of a local university for cursing out a snot-nosed student who's also the daughter of a big donor. ("You made his daughter doubt herself, artistically," Milo's boss scolds him. "He had to buy her an apartment in Copenhagen so she could heal.") But all is strangely forgiven once an old, now filthy-rich college buddy of Milo's flirts with making a "give" of his own, and specifically requests that Milo broker the deal.

For its breathless first half, *The Ask* is fuelled by jokes. Here Lipsyte works from the Wodehouse playbook of comedy, where all instances of pain are more like conundrums, providing the quickest route from one quip to the next. But there's also a darker undertow in his depiction of the flailing, foul-mouthed desperation of the modern white male. Every laugh comes with an equally potent wince.

To give you an idea of the ammo Lipsyte is working with here's a snippet from Milo's narration, while watching a string of immigrants struggle in a post office line-up: "Come on, people, I thought-beamed I'm on your side and I'm annoyed. Doesn't that concern you? Don't you



**Ask**  
Sam Lipsyte  
author of *WORM LAND*

Sam Lipsyte's *The Ask* PHOTO SUPPLIED

worry your behaviour will reduce me to generalizations about why your lands are historically fucked?"

Nearly every page dances like this, with Lipsyte plumbing the dullest corners of suburbia and turning up freshness every time.

As the book continues, however, that creeping sense of despair starts to take over. Milo suspects his wife of cheating on him, and his old friend of hanging out with him just to make himself feel better. He starts making increasingly desperate pleas to connect with the people around him, and clings to his toddler son like a life raft, frantically repeating how much he loves him. A few choice flashbacks show the seeds of Milo's cross being planted, back as an bright-eyed art student — the scene where he's forced, via a miscommunication at a party, to abandon his father's beloved Spanish duelling knife as crushing.

While there are many things it does extremely well, there are also a few choice areas in which *The Ask* aches. For one, the book feels shaggy and fundamentally shapeless. Lipsyte is like an indiscriminate leaf-blower, whipping up everything around him into whirlwinds of spectacle but leaving a mess in his wake.

It also gets distracted by the same modern war fascination that last year derailed Lorrie Moore's *A Gate at the Stairs*. Trivialising Milo's plight compared to that of a Gulf War veteran with no legs is far too clumsy to be effective — especially since Lipsyte has just devoted so many pages to making Milo's case in the first place. But these aren't enough to distract from the book's many delights. Lipsyte's caustic charm and supercharged language make *The Ask* go down easy, even if you're sputtering with laughter or choking back tears in the process.

At his best, he works like a modern-day Yogi Berra, tossing off nuggets of off-kilter wisdom left and right. This one's my personal favourite: "I bought an energy bar, and as I ate it a great weariness fell over me."



## MUSIC • PREVIEW

## Swimming With Calculated Caribou

**MATHEMATICIAN TURNED MUSICIAN FINDS THE RIGHT EQUATION FOR TEXTURED ELECTRONICA**

CARIBOU  
With Dan Snaith  
Starlite Room  
Friday, June 1, 8:30 p.m.

## BY KYLE MULLIN

It's a mere matter of calculated cre- ativity. Before he became known by the stage alias Caribou, Dan Snaith received a doctorate in mathematics from Imperial College London in 2005 – and that chance in work on the most elaborate of equations spilled over into his musical theory, helping him tabulate some of the most textured electronica in existence.

"Algebraic number theory is not applicable to anything; it's just pure math and I enjoyed it more the more abstract it became," Snaith says. "Melody is very different from math, but both are opaque at first. You can't see the answer in either right away. They both make you fumble around before you can get anything at all out of them."

Caribou hopes to bring fans at the Starlite Room to an equally fulfilling, fumbling, ambling jig on June 1. And while his academics may make his every note meticulously measured,

he insisted his songs are anything but by-the-numbers, and that his synthesizers leave them far from contrived.

It's an outdated idea that electronic instruments are not personal that they leave songs formulaic, he says. "Everything's so integrated these days, traditional and electronic blend together perfectly. At the time, Emotion doesn't come from the instrument, it comes from performance and melody."

And even though melody may be his chief concern, Caribou has widened his focus on his latest album – the critically lauded *Swim* – experimenting with more layered lyrics and tender themes.

"In the past, my lyrics were just sketches of hypothetical situations," he says. "I didn't want to write too personally then, because it would just be about going to the bar with my friends. So, for my songs, I'd only go by the melody I was working on – if it sounded happy I'd just write happy verses and hooks."

But while recording *Swim*, Caribou found himself drawing on far more compelling and telling circumstances for inspiration. The lead single, "Odessa," may hum with a heated upbeat rhythm, but its lyrics focus on the frigid fallout divorces that more and more of his close friends have faced as of late. Its closing verse

is built on lines like, "Taking the kids, driving away, turn around the life, let him siphon away."

Aside from those soured vows, Caribou was also affected by the passing of his grandparents during the album's sessions.

"It wasn't like I was sad the whole

time; my grandparents lived very full lives. But it gave me historical perspective, made me think of the scope of life rather than just being worried something or thirty-something. The melodies may carry the emotional punch (on those songs), but I hope my new lyrics amplify that."

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Electronica ungulate Dan Snaith is Caribou. PHOTO SUPPLIED

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THE ROAD

## Bad Bands In Good Dive Bars



**WILDLIFE**  
FISH GOES CONZO FOUR  
DECADES AFTER HUNTER  
THOMPSON'S VEGAS SAGA

LAS VEGAS — "You basically can't wear 'any' of that in the pool," says the neon bullywug, shaking his head but smiling. Like most rules in Las Vegas, this one is as fucking stupid as the attempt to break it, but my surroundings for half a week have deadened the urge to fight. Any need to wear a white suit jacket and Panama hat with cat ears on it among the

ed sprawl — from the beginning Vegas was the most American notion ever conceived, absolute defiance of the laws of nature and man. Yet ever under obsessive control.

But the easier payoff of titillation has redirected what "Sin" means to day. Making out with a hooker in the back of a cab now seems as quaint as a basement full of cigar-smoking uncles watching a stag film on an 8-mm projector — dirtbag behaviour once a sideline to serious casino culture has now overwhelmed everything. It's Disneyfied now. T-shirts on the street saying "What happens in Vegas" and so forth, or porny Asian strippers gyrating over felted Hold-'Em tables for any child to contemplate passing by. But ask those who toil here, this place is dying despite the flesh. Despite the pool parties, or the pathetic attempt to reproduce Studio

and audience the same thing find this a better venue than most of ours, especially with state laws that seem to allow you to walk in with your own half-emptied bottle of Jack Daniels.

Our party of roaming drug-seekers having already paid \$250 for several bags of Kleenex — an honest mistake to be sure — finds itself literally inside a band called The Buzz, fronted by a muscular, shirtless handshake — a man whose name is the band's, without the The and redundant — I hack — arguments this is the worst act we've ever seen, though when Buzz tells us they've been together for eight years and have yet to master a) timing, b) a full set list and c) a basic concept of a song is, I ask him if he's fucking serious. There is a lewd number about a cat. The lyrics to another of their anthems consist of

IF THEY EVER DUST RUINS OFF ON MARS.  
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO LEARN OF SKELETON CASINOS  
AND SWIMMING POOLS CRACKED AND FULL OF SOUVENIR CUPS.

splashing dancing Santa hardbodies is non-essential, and also the last thing I want as some migrant worker — have to fish these dangling and beaded Johnny Depp beard extensions out of some disgusting plug once the afternoon party ends, once the deafening club beats stop bouncing.

Insisting the Hard Rock Cafe's Rehab — the best pool party — Las Vegas is like bragging the bin behind your Whyte Avenue walkup is the best place in town to put your garbage. Jesus fuck, it's all the same, Jack, however fun. I find hilarious any notion of sentimentality for the day of open mobsters on this wretch-

54 exclusivity. Everything is a solid manifestation of devalued echoes, unfortunately most of it them available universally as long as there's wi-fi. To our great enrichment, this culture of self-gratification is today our common one, no longer created here. About the best Vegas can do — make it so big you resent it, that specific feeling anyone inside West Edmonton Mall for too long knows. Brass overload.

Off the strip, the Double Down remains the best dive bar in America, this despite being "officially outed" as being so. Ass juice, \$10 puke insurance to prevent eviction and a non-stage that makes bands

tirely of the works "fuck" and "you," plus more of that open smiling. I love Americans, I love their constant smiles, found even in the bowels of a mausoleum like Hunter's Circus Circus, which, past its due, can't even raise the money to get torn down like its next-door neighbour. Stardust, now rubble, is an empty lot with no chances.

While America's southern coast is rotting like a wet paper bag, Las Vegas cracks on paper foundations yellowing in the sun. If they ever dust ruins off on Mars, I wouldn't be surprised to learn of skeleton casinos and swimming pools cracked and full of souvenir cups.

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## CD REVIEWS



## DJ KHALED

Victory  
(Ruffhouse)  
★★★★

"Everytime I step up in the building, everybody's hands go up... and they stay there." And your hands will likely stay up for the rest of DJ Khaled's new album *Victory*. One of Khaled's new singles, "All I Do Is Win," sets the pace for the rest of the songs to come. Many songs on *Victory* are backed by familiar faces like T-Pain, Snoop Dogg, Busta Rhymes, Nelly and others. The album follows the familiar trend led by most Top 40 artists and deals out the same heavy, sweetly beats pulsing through most metropolitan dance districts nowadays – not sampling considering he sits in the president's chair at Def Jam South. Considering this is his fourth album since 2006, it's good to see Khaled has kept up with his own game and the pace he's set for the industry around him.

SEAN STEELS AND GRANT JEFFERY



## JOSH RITTER

*So Runs the World Away*  
(Polygram Records)  
★★★★

Josh Ritter breathes an interesting path. He sounds historic in words and through his inspired folk music, yet remarkably contemporary at the same time. Drawing way (way) too many companions to Bob Dylan, Ritter pushes forward with his sixth full-length of modified folk ballads with marvellous anthems. Unlike Ritter's ragged and raw *Historical Concepts*, *So Runs the World Away* has a strong theatrical mood. Ritter is a graduate of American history through narrative folk music, and whether or not he basically created this genre, he couldn't be more right for folk-inspired education. Listening to his educated and challenging lyrics allows you to understand why he is one of today's most inspired songwriters, and makes you wonder why he too is one of America's most under-valued balladeers.

CURTIS WRIGHT



## THE SPADES

*Subatomic*  
(Pineapple Records)  
★★★★

The Spades sound like the most energetic bar band in the world on the group's third release *Subatomic*. On the opener "Teal It Apart," they proceed to, well, tear it apart! From there, they give up offerings drenched in old-school sound, complemented with gay guitars, gravelly vocals, distorted guitars, harmonicas and crashing drums on songs about light bulb factory workers, bank robbers and Stanley Kubrick. All of which you can imagine being performed in some small bar, watching the sweat drip off the foreheads of a three-piece band that sounds much louder. With the Tragically Hip's Gord Sinclair at the production helm, there isn't much going wrong with *Subatomic*. "Side of the road flat tire / I wish I was a hitchhiker," James McKenty sings on "Can't Sleep," but there is nothing flat about *Subatomic*.

DAVID FALK

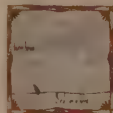


## MANUELA

*a different kind of fire*  
(Gordon Records)  
★★★★

Manuela has been busy touring Canada's West, including a stop at the Vancouver Olympics. But she's found some time to release a different kind of fire. This first full-length album, while a little predictable, delivers quality songs. Manuela fuses soul inspiration with gay pop and her vocals are light and fresh. It takes a hearty optimism to sound upbeat while singing, "I'm just gonna try / to walk away / forget the day that, but never explores on the rest of the album. With relaxed piano and cello accompaniment, her voice is rich and silky. Singing, "Two days and three nights ago / you searched the depths of my soul," we literally hit the depths of Manuela's soul and hope we hear more from there.

JEN HOYER



## TERRI HON

*Bird On A Wire*  
(Black Swallow)  
★★★★

What a treat! Terri Hon, Edmonton's foremost nomad – yesterday here, today in Holland, tomorrow on the moon – plays records. There are six main ones, from the smallest soprano to the biggest great bass. Anyone can blow into a recorder, right? They can blow, but play – rouse. Hon is unique. She plays that instrument with amazing virtuosity, combining its ancient sound with advanced electronics. The end result is pure magic. You've got to hear it to believe it, so starting are the music's moods and timbres. This is a collection of songs written for her by several Canadian and foreign composers including, among others, the colourful "Glowies" by Ian P. Carleton, the striking "Postcard from New Amsterdam" by Jim Atties, the witty "Bonus – The Joker" by Curtis MacDonald and the beautifully crafted "a little bird told me" by Hon herself. She's a keeper.

PIOTR GRELLA-MOZEJO

## LISTEN • FISH GRIWKOWSKY

HOBBINS  
WIZARD OF WORDS

This year's most compelling local recording comes from an extremely polite, slightly mischievous character whose mild autism results in an absolutely unique and delicious experience.

Steven Hobbs in the words of his collaborator and producer Douglas Bevan who we recall from the smalls: "it's challenging (in a good way) to play with because among other quirks, he has no sense of timing and an interesting sensation brought on by Hobbs' lagging or leading. The music along at his own pace. Bevan handles musical accompaniment spookily electronic in the neighbourhood of David Hidalgo's Latin Playboys. It's great especially on the song "Clut," as in the game Bevan's obsessing about games. Hobbs lives several relationships through song, sometimes sweet like "Bucktooth Betty" or the downright dirty "Looking for a Pussy" which has mad lyrics like "I feel so good after we have sex for ill least an hour."

The best song is "Crazy Antics," which isn't just quite as lengthy "Crazy things happen – crazy antics. You open a door for a girl, and she goes to an open door. You take somebody's keys, you don't want to give them back. You replace the salt and pepper shakers with soap dispensers. Crazy antics. You end up sitting in a junior high class, but you graduated a long time ago. You're looking for the Queen, but she's back in England. You leave work all as a get out, but find out she's not interested. You're sent home from work for doing the usual things."

You get the idea. I hope Bevan has talked about how inspirational making this album was, and listening to it certainly makes you want to follow whatever urges you have. So

what's your excuse? Thanks Hobbs!

★★★★

SMOKEY  
S/T CASSETTE

Smoky begged me not to review this beautifully lo-fi tape because of technical difficulties, so I suppose I must honour this. But the mere fact of his making a tape forced an amazing contortion where I was extremely pleased to realize my Sony Sports Walkman, purchased in 1996, still runs perfectly despite an obsessive relationship which lasted years. How many fucking iPods have we all gone through in the meantime? Fuck your computers, especially smas Apples. Anyway, I played this in my desert outside Vegas and without reviewing, I'd recommend any experience similar.

★★★★

## OLD SCHOOL

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN  
NEBRASKA (1982)

If you ever need calming on a road trip where, for example, you rent a luxury hybrid and tear down HST's rush hour Interstate 15 with nothing but a learner's permit: the Boss' greatest album will suffice any time. Devilish brothers, the actual devil, fear the police, lost jobs and murder populate this essentially perfect wedge of lowly-sung, pre-anthem Springsteen. It's such a classic, a almost sounds completely affected... till you remember it was recorded in 1982. The far-off hope "Atlantic City," the rockabilly kick "Open All Night," the terror of "State Trooper"... anyone even thinking of forming a country band should have to play at least half these songs by heart.

★★★★



THURSDAY, MAY 2  
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BJ BOUTLEIGHTS  
EMPRESS  
ALBUM



# Buzzcocks: Still Hard After Three Decades

**BUZZCOCKS FANS OF ALL AGES GET A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME TREAT — TWO COMPLETE ALBUMS IN ONE SHOW**

## BUZZCOCKS

With The Deliverts  
New City Compound  
Friday, May 28, 8 p.m.

BY ROBIN SCHROFFEL

Dreams do come true — at least for Buzzcocks fans. The seminal punk rock group, part of that holy pantheon making up the English punk scene circa 1977, is making its first-ever stop in Edmonton on the final leg of its *Another Bites Tour*.

And that's where dreams come in to celebrate the reissuing of the band's first three albums, the Buzzcocks will be performing 1978's debut *Another Music in a Different Kitchen* and its follow-up *Love Bites* back to back in their entirety. Cross that one off the wish list.

"It's the first time we've done that and probably it will be the last time," says founding member and guitarist Steve Diggle over the line from his home in the U.K. "It's just to kind of celebrate those albums and how important they were, and remind people and ourselves how important

they were at the time."

It's not exaggerating. Along with the Sex Pistols and the Clash, the Buzzcocks are counted as a band whose sound changed music irreversibly. Advanced and experimental for the time, those first records still sound fresh and exciting. And as Diggle recalls writing a track off *Another Music*, he seems almost incredulous at his younger self's bizarre train of thought.

"I was listening to a German band trying to sing English. So I thought, 'If I was an Englishman trying to be a German singing English, what would that be like?' It kind of got me to that song 'Autonomy.' I started going, 'I want you autonomy. That's a

crazy way to get to a song I was aged 20 and your imagination blossoms. When you think of things like that — wow, we were out there somewhere with that kind of thinking."

The offbeat creativity didn't stop there, says Diggle.

"The first album, with *Moving Away from the Pulsebeat*, it's slightly avant-garde. It wasn't simply regular rock 'n' roll. Them albums have got very strong identity; they're unique. There's nobody sounds like the Buzzcocks.

"A lot of people that have taken a



Buzzcocks will perform two entire albums for the first time at their New City Compound gig. (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

bit of the Buzzcocks sound but that's the definite article."

For fans, this is a rare chance to see these songs played live. Though it's not the 100 Club in the late 1970s, this might be as close as any of us ever get.

"Two-thirds of the audience are young people. Some have never seen us and perhaps will see us do the clas-

sic early albums, they get a taste of what it was like at the time," Diggle says.

While young fans live out their punk rock fantasies, revisiting the material is a different matter for those who wrote it.

"It's a Proustian thing, it takes you back. I was 20 years old when I was writing those songs. You kind of

wonder who you were then, you're different people down the line," reflects Diggle.

"There's a whole lot of things about who you are and how the music comes out from who you are which are very important and that's who I was then."

"We felt rebellious. We wanted to put two fingers up to the world."



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# Sage Wisdom From Francis

FOLKY HIP-HOP ARTIST LAMENTS THE CURRENT STATE OF THE DOWNLOADED MUSIC INDUSTRY

SAGE FRANCIS  
with Belmont Dolan, Free Hound Agents  
Starlite Room  
Friday May 28, 9pm

BY CHR MULLIN

There was a time when VHS tapes were the 'thing.' You hoped that your advanced VCR would be able to fix the tracking with its high-tech technology so you could watch the latest and greatest.

Then technology and consumers realized VHS tapes were terribly obsolete. We now realize this about DVDs. Pay for your high-speed Internet, know of a few websites, torrents, and, you have a discography larger than a warehouse full of albums - technology happens.

Sage Francis knows all about this. I could have initiated the download of his latest folky, Americana hip-hop piece, *Li(Ne)*, by the time you read that first paragraph and be listening by the end of this article. Digital music has helped push artists, no question, but being heard doesn't always mean getting paid.

"Artists aren't able to build any type of business, any type of empire," Francis says about the current music industry. "They really are just fighting for scraps week after week."



Luckily Sage Francis established his career while people still paid for music. (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

Adjusting to the new paradigm has been frustrating and challenging here I am trying to run a record label and break artists that deserve to be heard, who deserve respect and deserve to be supported, but a lot of people just sort of gave up and said 'well, music is free.'"

Francis, on the heels of his fourth full length CD, has been forced to adjust his musical scheme for the new age. And maybe he doesn't dig the new paradigm in music - which the underground exemplar notes is particularly evident in hip-hop - but his initial work ethic and luck of sneaking in under the digital wire has made all the difference.

Francis was able to establish himself while people were still buying

music, and used his profits to build his business. However he feels that audiences and artists "fucked up" by oversaturating themselves and allowing music to become disposable by not ripping piracy in the bud early on.

Not one for riding the wave of one hit single and still having established himself as a true independent artist, (i.e. actually selling physical and/or digital albums) Francis feels pretty fortunate for his timing, but as at a loss for how to handle the new digital, disposable music paradigm.

"There's no way we can change it. I'm just gonna keep talking about it but it's not going to change anything. I guess we fucked up. Whaddya gonna do about it?"

MUSIC • REVIEW

# From Heroin To Harmonies

EDWARD SHARPE FRONTMAN ALEX EBERT TAKES LESSONS LEARNED AND APPLIES THEM TO MUSICAL THERAPY

EDWARD SHARPE  
Starlite Room  
Wednesday June 2, 9pm

BY KYLE MULLIN

The crowd bobbed like a stormy sea, more than eager to swallow anyone onstage whole. The L.A.-bred hippie-indie troupe Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros had never played Coscella before this spring, or any other gig remotely as big, and front man Alex Ebert's usual zealous zen was quickly fading in favour of pure panic. So he tried to stave off that stage fright by striking a faux rock star pose, tossing his mic into the crowd - only to accidentally knock its stand into the camera pit, where it struck a reporter in the forehead, cutting him deeply.

But there was more than blood splashed away in that gash. What gushed forth was really an opportunity. Ebert peeled off his shirt and



Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros play the Starlite Room Wednesday. (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

wrapped it around the stranger's battered head as if all his clothes were tailored to be a big bandage, before the band gingerly launched into the holistically healing feel good harmonies of tunes such as "Home."

"I tossed (the mic) in a punk posture, to shrug the pressures of the day and prove to myself that I didn't care, which was very fake of me," said Ebert, who will front Edward Sharpe and The Magnetic Zeros at the Starlite Room on June 2. "I didn't want to just ignore this guy with a bloody head, and being metaphori-

cally inclined or aware of omens, I felt that things could go south real quick. So instead of panicking I just embraced what was happening - by not being very truthful I got my instant reward, and it humbled me immediately."

In a way, Ebert has been learning that lesson over and over again for years, to the point that it inspired a persona called Edward Sharpe, which he could name his band after and use as a muse for the through and through folky guru anthems that

STORY cont'd on p. 23

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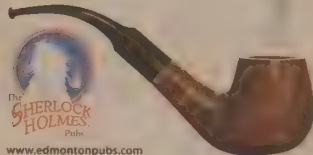
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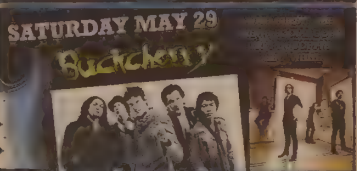
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MUSIC

## All That Glitters Isn't Old

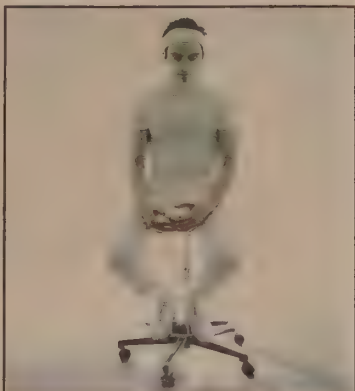
CAMERON CARPENTER'S EDMONTON DEBUT WITH THE WINSPEAR'S FAMED DOUGLAS CONCERT ORGAN WILL SHINE

**CAMERON CARPENTER**  
 The GSO Presents William Eddies, conductor Cameron Carpenter, organ  
 Tuesday, June 1, 7:30 p.m.  
 Eddies Hall, Winspear Centre

BY [Name] [Location]  
 Cameron Carpenter has made a bit of a splash in the music world. The 29-year-old organist has a recording contract, a busy performing career and the attention of press around the world. In his signature Swarovski-encrusted concert getup, he's hard to ignore. It's not all glitter, though. Carpenter's reputation is grounded solidly in his unique musical style. "What I do with organs is pretty unusual," he admits over the phone from New York.

His performance of Chopin's "Revolutionary" piano étude went viral on YouTube and he includes film music by George Gershwin and John Williams in his concerts.

Edmonton audiences are in for a treat as Carpenter visits the Winspear Centre June 1. In the first half of the concert we'll hear music for organ and orchestra by William Wal-



Organist Cameron Carpenter debuts at the Winspear with the GSO this week. (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

organist is that it's tough to pick up your instrument and take it with you. When Carpenter makes his Winspear debut, he figures he'll have a few hours to get used to the venue's organ. That's one reason he doesn't like to announce exactly what he'll be

"I really like to just wait and see," he explains.

The audience can expect a mix of organ standards and Carpenter's own transcriptions of non-organ music. His program choices are based on a pact he made with himself years ago:

"I never want to play music that I don't love in my own house."

ton and Francis Poulenc. The solo recital in the second half is entirely up to Carpenter and we can rest assured that it will be a good show.

One of the downsides of being an

organist is that it's tough to pick up your instrument and take it with you. When Carpenter makes his Winspear debut, he figures he'll have a few hours to get used to the venue's organ. That's one reason he doesn't like to announce exactly what he'll be

playing before a concert. Having the freedom to change his mind at the last minute means he can guarantee his audience will hear a program that fits the instrument best.

to never play music he doesn't like and to believe 100 per cent in what he's playing. Much of his performance reputation rests on the film scores and symphonies he's reinvented for his own instrument, music he's fallen in love with and found a way to play on the organ.

Carpenter hasn't forgotten the organ standards. June 1 also marks the release of *Cameron Live!*, an all-Bach disc. The CD will be paired with a DVD containing live concert footage, interviews and a documentary. Not only is it an impressive project one that was completed in a year, but it also marks Carpenter's debut as a graphic designer, art director and producer.

Not many organists have built up this kind of image and reputation. Carpenter's signature look has graced the cover of more than a few music magazines. But he insists the focus on his youth and sparkly clothes doesn't detract from what he's doing as a musician.

It means that I'm the only organist in the world playing to sold out houses," Carpenter points out, "and it doesn't change the fact that I'm playing this music from the bottom of my heart."





## HOT TICKETS • THIS WEEK'S MUST-SEE SHOWS

**Ann Vriend**  
Ivy Horowitz Theatre | May 29

Want a guest vocal credit on Ann Vriend's new record? It's as easy as showing up to her Saturday night gig.

The folky piano-pop chanteuse will be bringing along her sound engineer to record a pan of tracks written with audience participation as usual. The songs are slated for inclusion on Vriend's upcoming record, which she'll be heading into the studio, along with her seven-piece band, to record immediately after this stint of home-ground shows.

I've written parts for [the audience] to play and sing, some clapping and foot-stomping, and some songs that are easy. At the end of the night there'll be this sheet to write your name down and your e-mail address, and when it comes to me putting the liner notes together for the album, it'll be "background singers" and this very long list. I think I'll have some really long liner notes."



Ann Vriend wants to have a drunken sing-along with you. | PHOTO: JEFFREY

Vriend laughs.

The inspiration for the recording came from the whole gang-vocal concept, where a drunken sing-along simulated in the studio by pretty much whoever is around.

"When I initially wrote these songs I kind of had that in mind. The way

it's supposed to sound is really impromptu, like it's in a little honky-tonk bar where everybody's singing along. If that's the kind of sound I'm trying to get, why don't I just get that from the audience?"

Vriend takes the idea of breaking down the artist-fan divide.

There's no getting people involved and making it more participatory than just watch this show and then go home. Inviting people that want to be part of it is better than kind of obnoxious music is supposed to be anyway."

In a way, the decision to record with her audience is a reflection of her evolution as a performer.

"I've been playing live a lot the past couple years and getting more and more comfortable using ad-lib with the audience, just kind of being more in the moment with the live show," says Vriend.

You too, can be in that moment — and have the liner notes to prove it — Robin Schmitt

## STORY (cont'd from p. 21)

he wanted to belt out and coo. Songstress Jade Castrinos (who the front man calls "A barometer for the truth every time she sings"), keyboardist Nico Aglietti, drummer Stewart Cole and several others joined Ebert's quest to rediscover the redemptive powers of rhythm with their 2009 debut *Up From Below*.

"The things I used to do suppressed the spirit of my act for awhile," Ebert said of the five days before he introduced himself to Edward Sharpe. Like, I remember thinking smiling was something a rock star shouldn't do."

Unfortunately, Ebert's surly stern habits tended to follow him offstage into the studio, where he tried to only write radio-ready songs, or into his bedroom, which he shared with a

girlfriend that wasn't right for him. And they persisted at all the parties he attended, which were littered with substances he indulged in too deeply.

"I've always been a certifiable narcissist in a loving way, very into my capabilities," he said. "But as a musician before Edward Sharpe, I wasn't ready to experience those capabilities, and instead I ended up on hero in I neglected the magic. Being a child and became severely dogmatic, believed in nothing beyond what was only tried and true."

He rediscovered that lost sense of wonder in the midst of a 12-step program for that heroin habit. Between bone jarring jonzes he conjured up a character that could be sound as his salvation — a tongue-in-

cheek preacher hollering hymns that would leave any listener speaking in tongues. They were the most immaculate thoughts Ebert could ever conceive — and thus Edward Sharpe was born.

"It can absolutely feel, vibration is very powerful," Ebert said of the salvation of song. "It's like how doctors break up gall stones with (sonic) vibes in the tune of sixth minor. Music's therapy. But I work so much that music might also seem like my addiction, and it's certainly a healthier one. I guess I also just feel like hurrying up and being prolific because I'm aware we're only on earth for a certain amount of time, at least in each lifetime... so that means I can only allow myself to write songs for the pure joy of music now."

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Dreamspeakers Film Festival, Metro Cinema, June 2-5

MAY 30

**MUSIC** **SUBCITY** This Winnipeg housewife's last album title asked: 'Where's The Note?' With Peet & Famine and the Falladans joining them at the Statler Room tonight we think they've answered their own question. 8 p.m.

MAY 31

**EXHIBIT** **TIMELINE** Come see what the contemporary art scene in Alberta is made of. An Aug. 29, but as the old saying goes, 'Get off your lazy ass and just go on.' Art Gallery of Alberta.

JUNE 1

**MUSIC** **CARIBOU** by now, anyone and everyone has heard of Caribou, but if you're still waiting for the next Manitoba album to come out, you may not be far off. With opening band Toro y Moi. Get into Bandstand. Statler Room, 8:30 p.m.

JUNE 2

**SCREENING** **DREAMSPEAKERS FILM FESTIVAL** Four days of the best films about culture has to offer. The festival kicks off tonight with Armand Ruffo's *A Window Tale*. 8 p.m.

JUNE 3

**MUSIC** **NEXTSTEP** Even if the art of this multi-disciplinary festival is a mess, the after parties are always a state thing. Various Locations.

JUNE 4

**BIG SCREEN** **MOVIES ON THE SQUARE** You know how 60-inch flat HD 1080p resolution plasma is sweet? Try watching a movie on a three-story high inflatable screen with hundreds of your closest friends. Churchill Square, 8:30 p.m.

JUNE 5

**ACTIVITY** **HEART OF THE CITY FESTIVAL** Kick off festival season this Sunday with this little known, but much loved, event. Little Italy, all day.

## LIVE MUSIC

### THURSDAY

**BOB HAMING** **HAVE SOCIAL CLUB**, 10:30A STORY PLAIN RD. 7 p.m.

**BOOKSTOCK BANDWAGON** **ON CITY ROADHOUSE**, 10:30A JASPER. Eight bands will perform for a chance to play the main stage at this year's festival. 5 p.m.

**BROCKTON LAKE RUTHERFORD** **HOUSE**, 10:30A SASKATCHEWAN RD. With Tom Gorman and Griefedhead. 1:30 p.m.

**DUBLIN** **THURSDAYS** **THE DUBOIL**, 10:30A ASPER AVE. David Lick. 6:30 p.m.

**ELIZABETH SHEPHERD** **HARBOR**, 10:30A AT TOMMY BARKS WAY. 7:30 p.m.

**GERRY AND THE PICKMEASURES** **CENTURY CENTRE**, 10:30A 17th Ave. 7 p.m. Tickets: www.gerryandthepickmeasures.com

**LISA B. GORD** **CAT**, 9:40A-10:30A 10:30A

**MIRTELLA MOWEN** **KASBAR LOUNGE**, 10:44A WHYTE AVE. 5 p.m.

**PIPER BLOOM** **JOJO GRILL**, 1A PERROW ST. 1A ALBERT ST.

**THE SAINES** **STARLINE ROOM**, 10:30A-10:30A With Puck. 4:10 p.m.

**Dis/Live Nights**

**DIS/GRANAM** **BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE** (TOP LEVEL) 10:45A WHYTE AVE.

**BATZ** **DO IT THURSDAYS** **THE COMMON**, 10:4A-11A ST. With D's Shorter and Sanny Gomez.

**GONE SHAW** **SHIRAZ** **FLUO LOUNGE**, 10:55A WHYTE AVE.

**MOTORHOURS** **THURSDAYS** **DANCEHALL STORIES**, 10:30A 10:30A WHYTE AVE. With DJ Pastiche and Casdec.

**SHIRAZ** **THURSDAYS** **LUCKY**, 10:55A-10:55A WHYTE AVE. With Mike Jones.

**STARBLINKS** **10:30A**, 11:42A (LORDS/NOVARY) **THAM** **GOD'S T** **BASS** **THURSDAYS** **LEVEL-1 LOUNGE**, 11:42A WHYTE AVE. With Mike Jones.

**THIS IS IT THURSDAYS** **FLUO LOUNGE**, 10:55-10:55 10 p.m.

**THROWBACK** **THURSDAYS** **PROHIBITION**, 10:30A ASPER AVE.

**THURSDAYS** **PROHIBITION**, 10:30A ASPER AVE. With DJ D's.

**THURSDAYS** **PROHIBITION**, 10:30A ASPER AVE. With DJ D's.

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**THE BUZZCOCKS** **NEW CITY**, 10:30A ASPER AVE. 7 p.m.

**CLASSIC BROADWAY CONVOCAATION HALL**, 10:4A, 10 ST. 8:10A

**THE CLASSICS** **SANLUIS BAR** **BAR** **AND** **CAFETERIA** **CENTRE**, 10:40A 10TH AVE. 8 p.m.

**COME FOR A PINT** **STAY FOR THE PARTY** **THE DRUID**, 10:40A ASPER AVE. Live music by David Bell. 5:30 p.m.

**DRINKY** **YAKAMAR** **CAFÉ** **BAR** **AND** **CAFETERIA**, 10:40A 10TH AVE. 8 p.m.

**ST. ALBERT** **With Adam Greig** **The Main** **Club**, 10:40A 10TH AVE. 8 p.m.

**HEADWIND** **DEVIL** **A** **NOTE** **PL**, 10:40A-10:40A 9 p.m.

**ST. ALBERT** **With Adam Greig** **The Main** **Club**, 10:40A 10TH AVE. 8 p.m.

**LIVE** **CELESTIAL** **CAFÉ** **BAR**, 10:40A ASPER AVE. 8 p.m.

**THE FLOW** **FLYING** **PLANES** **RENOVA** **RESTAURANT**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

**MAURICE** **HAVE** **SOCIAL CLUB**, 10:30A STORY PLAIN RD. 7:30 p.m.

**NOBODY** **LIVES** **OWENBY** **BAR** **BAR** **BAR**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

**NOBODY** **LIVES** **OWENBY** **BAR** **BAR** **BAR**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

**OUTDOOR** **OF** **CHAMPS** **KASBAR** **THEATRE**, 9:30A-10A 9 p.m.

**THE RALLY** **BROTHERS** **JEFFREY'S** **CAFÉ** **A** **WINE** **BAR**, 9:40A-10A 9 p.m.

**RED** **HOUSE** **X** **WINE**, 9:30A-10A 9 p.m.

**SAGE** **FRANCIS** **STARLINE ROOM**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

**SAMMY** **KEDDASH** **CENTURY CENTRE**, 10:30A 17th Ave. 7 p.m.

**THE** **COMMON** **10:4A-11A** **ST.** **With D's Shorter and Sanny Gomez.**

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Sanchez. 4 p.m.

**FORBIDDEN** **FRIDAYS** **EMPIRE** **DALLHOUSIE** **WEM**

**FORMULA** **FRIDAYS** **LEVEL-1 LOUNGE**, 10:30A ASPER AVE.

**WINDY** **YAKAMAR** **CAFÉ** **BAR** **AND** **CAFETERIA**, 10:40A 10TH AVE. 8 p.m.

**FREE** **AND** **FRESH** **FRIDAYS** **BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE** (TOP LEVEL) 10:45A WHYTE AVE. 9 p.m.

**FRIDAY** **FREE** **FRIDAY** **THEATRE**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

**INTERNATIONAL** **FRIDAYS** **PALESTINE** **THEATRE**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

**LAUNCH** **FRIDAY** **THEATRE**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

**MOVIE** **ON** **FRIDAYS** **RENOVA** **RESTAURANT**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

**NOBODY** **LIVES** **OWENBY** **BAR** **BAR** **BAR**, 10:30A-10:30A 10TH AVE. 7:30 p.m.

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**THE** **COMMON** **10:4A-11A</**

edmonton • see magazine • May 27 - June 2, 2010 • 25











## CRUISIN' THE COSMOS



## GEMINI (MAY 21 - JUNE 20)

Don't think you're safe just 'cause you've recently set yourself up sweetly. Success can insulate you from adversity, but it don't beat a good ol'-fashioned payoff. Better give it up this weekend, whether it's community service, hush money, charitable donations or protection payola. If not, get ready to be shook down all you've got!



## SAGITTARIUS (NOV. 22 - DEC. 21)

Thanks to a visit from the full moon in your sign, your wait's finally over and you're rollin' in clover. Something lucky's gonna happen to you this weekend and whatever it is, don't let it slip through your fingers. The more you appreciate it, the longer success is likely to linger!



## PISCES (FEB. 19 - MARCH 20)

Whatever you've been puttin' off, it's time to take it up again. Just 'cause you're concerned about the consequences of change is no reason to refuse this secret passion of yours. Unleash that sword 'cause followin' your impulses'll bring you great rewards!

## CAPRICORN (DEC. 22 - JAN. 19)

Bein' an Earth sign you're bound to be practical, and with economic pressures breathin' down your neck, you're gettin' tactical as heck. Well, don't you worry too much about it. It's one thing to be scared and another to be prepared and, despite your mental chatter, you're closer to the latter!

## ARIES (MARCH 21 - APRIL 19)

Your firm foundations are going to be rocked by a big change this week, and although it will shake you up, it's no real reason to freak. Especially when you know you can climb any peak, no matter how perilous it may be. This bump's just another to beat, as you shall soon see!

## AQUARIUS (JAN. 20 - FEB. 18)

You may be thinkin' you've got a peaceful agreement with that powerful person, but thinkin' is about the extent of it. They're just puttin' on a front and they've got you eatin' outta the palm of their hand. Seek some assistance elsewhere before they squeeze it shut and you find you're stuck there!

## TAURUS (APRIL 20 - MAY 20)

Sure, you've done a lot for the team and you've got everybody's best interests in mind. It still doesn't mean you're the boss of them. In fact, there's always someone higher up than you and, if they find out you're usurping their power, you just don't wanna know what they'd do. Mind your own before they mind you.

## LEO (JULY 23 - AUG. 22)

No matter how upsetting your past may be, you have to put it behind you to come up with a plan for peace. You still don't know that when your mind is still clouded by painful memories from the past. Once you start to clear all that crud away, the task'll get easier every day!

## VIRGO (AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22)

Success often has the dreamlike quality of a shadow puppet play. Problem is, when you look real close, you can see the strings. Look even closer and you'll see some attached to you. Wouldn't it be a good idea to learn how to walk on your own before someone decides to cut 'em? Hey, if that blockhead Pinocchio can do it, surely you can too!

## LIBRA (SEPT. 23 - OCT. 22)

OK, you've gotta back up a bit and take a breather. You're about to go blazin' into battle here and if you wanna win, you've gotta have your wits about you and be very aware of your surroundings. Above all, remember your mean side that you try to shield is your best bud on the battlefield!

## SCORPIO (OCT. 23 - NOV. 21)

There's a lot of pleasure in the simplicity of a practical existence. Doin' what's supposed to be done when it's supposed to be done is all fine and dandy, but it's like walkin' into a cornerstore and not gettin' candy. Sometimes you just need that extra sweetness, so do something silly before you get stir crazy!

## STORY (cont'd from p. 30)

in my closet" with the rest of my things." Who's in the right here? My Boyfriend Is My Prisoner P.S. Our only other conflict: He insisted we find a place with two closets, one of them walk-in, because he wants to be stored in my closet, not a shared closet, "with the rest of my things." (That phrase really turns him on — he's one of my things!) We passed on some beautiful apartments because the closets weren't perfect, and my mom — who helped with the down payment and apartment-shopped with us — thought we were crazy. If only she knew!

You're in the right, MBIMP. If there's a fire or a robbery or meteor strike — or if you get hit by a car and wind up in a coma for three months and he slowly starves to death in your apartment — then you could go to jail for manslaughter and/or negligent homicide. So that fiancé thing of yours shouldn't be left alone when he's in his cage; no one should ever be left alone tied-up and/or imprisoned. If

he insists on you going out on a cage weekend, MBIMP, then you'll have to hire a sitter — bondage, not baby. Take out a personal ad, lay out what you need (someone to be there, in case something happens, but that's all), and very, very carefully interview applicants. Better yet, get involved with your local BDSM group, make some kinky friends, and see if anyone is up for a little bondage-tasting. Or, hey, you can live a little dangerously: Give your boyfriend a cell phone, don't go far, and instruct your prisoner to call if he smells smoke while he's doing his crunches.

**A PROGRAMMING NOTE:** Lots of folks have asked me where my iPhone app is. Well, I didn't have one — until now. The *Save Love* iPhone app has been submitted to Apple. Will they accept it? Or will it be too porry for Steve Jobs? Stay tuned. In the meantime, you can still find a new *Save Lovecast* (my weekly podcast) at [thestranger.com/save](http://thestranger.com/save) every Tuesday.

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# All About Transnannies, Silent Sex And Cages



SAVAGE LOVE: DAN SAVAGE

**STRAIGHT GUY DOESN'T WANT A HOOKER, HE WANTS A TRANSEXUAL TO BE FRIENDS WITH**

Where can a straight guy find a transsexual woman who is NOT a hooker and just wants to be friends (with benefits)? I know of one club where they hang, but they are mostly hookers there. I would like to go someplace where I could meet one and see if we could hit it off and go from there. I know they are out there, but I just can't find them! Help a brother out! PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!

*Lanely Tranny Lover*

If what you're looking for is a transsexual who'll allow you to fuck her - or who'll fuck you - but who won't require you to have an actual relationship with her, LTL, then

you'll have to pay some nice woman for her time and her emotional distress, like all the other straight guys out there into MTFs. Why do they have to pay? Because, LTL, it's kinda shredding to sexually service someone who's embarrassed to be seen in public with you. Just ask any openly gay man dating a closet case and/or a Catholic priest, or any BBW sleeping with a man who's married to a rail-thin trophy wife he isn't physically attracted to. Someone who puts up with that kind of bullshit - "You blow me, I blow you off" - should be compensated for her time, pain, and suffering.

It's nice that you're willing to be friends with the transsexual you're fucking, LTL - that puts you above most straight-identified men who are into trans women. But most trans women, hookers or not, want more than that. They want love, companionship, intimacy, and a commitment - you know, all that shit non-trans women want. Be open to an actual relationship, LTL, and you'll have an easier time finding a non-pro who's open to you.

I'm a 24-year-old straight female in a relationship. The sex is great, except for one thing: My

boyfriend is so fucking quiet while we are having sex. No words, no moans, a stone-cold facial expression. I know he is enjoying himself because he always comes and he initiates sex as often as I do. However, his stoic demeanor makes it hard for me to really get into stuff that isn't directly pleasurable for me. It's hard to be motivated to choke on someone's cock when they look and act like they can't even feel anything.

I've mentioned this to him several times after sex, and he just laughs it off and then says something like, "Do you expect me to scream like a girl?" I've told him that that's not at all what I expect. I just want some sign of life! One time, I purposely remained completely silent during an orgasm, like he does, and he became very self-conscious. He didn't believe me when I told him I came, and I asked him how he likes it when I'm quiet. He thought this was funny, and then things went back to normal. Why is he so quiet? What can I do?

*We're Not In The Library*

Stop treating this like it's a problem, WNITL, even if you experience it that way, and start treating it like a challenge and a game.

Give him a blowjob, choke on that cock, bring him right to the edge, then pull his cock out of your mouth and say, "Do you like that? Are you close? You want me to keep going?" Then look up at him and slowly stroke his cock - not fast enough to get him off, but not so slowly that you'll have to start that blowjob all over again - and wait for his response. When he says something, his dick goes back in your mouth. When he stops talking, his dick comes back out. Or if he's fucking you and he's getting close, wrap your legs around his ass and pull him in and hold him there so he can't thrust. Then say, "Feel good? Getting close? Wanna finish?" Don't let him budge until he talks: don't let him continue if he stops talking. Be playfully, sexy confrontational, WNITL, and you'll be able to extract the feedback you want during sex while helping him get over his insecurities about how men are supposed to act during sex.

My boyfriend/fiance likes to be put in a cage, and we have a very scary-looking cage in my closet.

(God help me if my mother ever finds it - I'll be in more trouble than that guy whose mother found his life-size sex doll!) His biggest turn-on is to come home on Friday night, go right into his cage, and for me to keep him there until Sunday morning. I only let him out if he needs to have a bowel movement or if I want to screw. (There's a bottle of water in his cage if he gets thirsty and an empty bottle if he needs to pee, and he doesn't get fed much because he's not exactly burning calories in there.) I've been reading your column since I was 19 (I'm 27 now), I'm GGG, and I'm happy to do this for my boyfriend. And knowing he's in there waiting for me - and doing crunches to pass the time (you should see his abs!) - does make me horny, too. The issue: I won't leave our apartment when he's locked up. What if there's a fire? Or we get burgled? Or if there's a meteor strike? Or a terrorist attack? He says I'm being paranoid and that it really turns him on to know that I'm out with my girlfriends, having drinks or whatever, while he's locked up.

**STORY cont'd on p. 29**

## MILLIONAIRE SEEKS LADY

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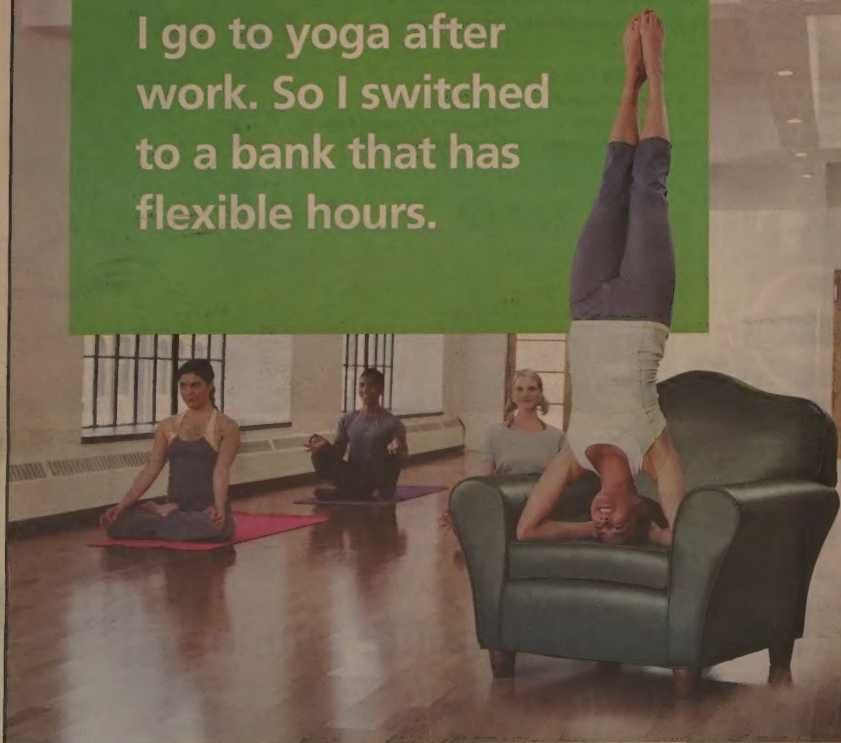
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